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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVII No. 2055 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 10 1939

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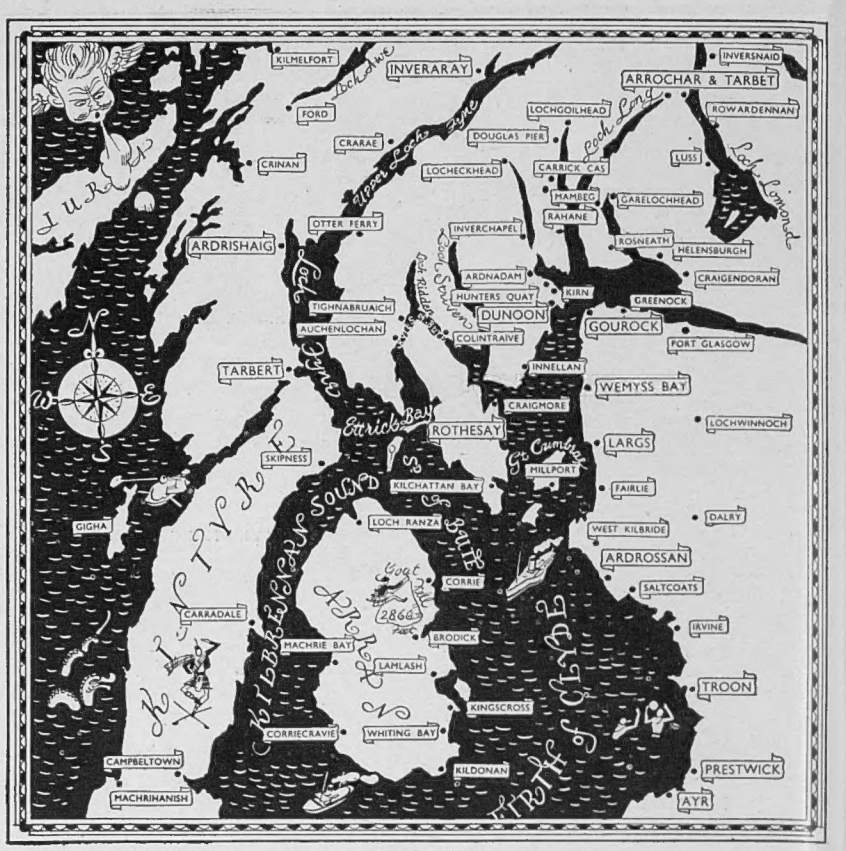

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 10, 1939

THE "THETIS" CATASTROPHE

Salvage Men Work on the Projecting Stern to Release the Crew of the Ill-fated Submarine

Just one week after the wreck of the United States submarine *Squalus*, in which twenty-six men lost their lives and thirty-three were saved by means of the diving bell, the new British submarine *Thetis*, with a full complement and numerous technical experts on board, dived beneath the waters of Liverpool Bay on a three-hour test. When she did not reappear the alarm was given. Destroyers dashed northwards to the scene, salvage boats and tugs came out from the Mersey, and Britain held her breath during a desperate race against time. Four men came to the surface by the Davis escape apparatus, and hopes ran high; but ninety-nine others remained below. They were tantalisingly near to safety, as part of the stern of the *Thetis* jutted above the sea during the low tides. Try as they did, the rescuers were foiled and on Sunday morning, with all hope gone, people in every corner of Britain knew that a great catastrophe of the sea had taken place and that all the men had perished. To tens of thousands of people this tragedy of shattered hopes had a deeply personal significance, and it was only natural that there was an immediate demand for a full inquiry prompted by urgent public anxiety that nothing of this nature should ever happen again. On Monday Mr. Chamberlain promised such an inquiry and meanwhile private and public generosity turned in sympathy towards the dependants of the lost men of the under-water fleet

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE THIRD OF JUNE MADE A GLORIOUS "FOURTH" AT ETON, and, as ever, top-hatted young Etonians acted as escorts to their sisters and cousins during a day of sunshine and festivity. The cricket on Agar's Plough, the Speeches, the Fireworks, and the Procession of Boats each had its appointed place in the traditional programme which went as swiftly and as pleasantly as usual

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, June 7, 1939.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—

Their Majesties are homeward bound. In a fortnight we shall welcome them back to London. The heaviest part of their programme—long days and nights in the Royal train—is behind them. The dust of the prairie, the first tremendous impressions of the Rockies, the enchanting descent into the greenery of British Columbia, the serene beauty of Victoria, all these are memories mingling with the glorious memories of the enthusiasm they have everywhere evoked, and with the satisfying knowledge of the triumph they have won and the good they have done for the Empire and for world peace. And the story of the Canadian tour will be repeated during their five days in the United States. Success for the American visit was assured before the King and Queen left Ottawa. From that day America saw them through Canadian spectacles, rose-coloured but clear glasses; they saw the mission in its true light, a visit of good will, a grand and apt stroke for friendliness and understanding and sanity among peoples; and they saw the King and Queen for what they are, a man and a woman of simple tastes and single purpose, abounding in sympathy for all sorts and conditions of men, revealing in every action those qualities which make (what all the world conceives to be) a great gentleman and a great lady—the dignity which springs from a sense of duty and of responsibility, the perfect manners that are found only in those whose sympathy is deep and genuine and who have no need to play-act, having nothing to conceal and nothing to pretend to. In an age in which so many of the leaders of states must rely on boost and braggadocio, on threats and self-justification, this Royal progress has been a joyous summer holiday and an object lesson for the watching world. It has left the world a sweeter, saner, cleaner, happier world, and given back to disillusioned people some of their lost faith in the things that really matter and the things worth striving after. Therein lies the triumph of the King and Queen.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE.—

Do you imagine that the cry of "encirclement" is a new thing in European politics? You have not to turn back many pages in your modern history to find reproduced with curious exactitude precisely the situation in which we now stand. The slogans of to-day are but the half-forgotten heart cries of the generation which preceded ours, and most middle-aged men clearly remember them. What was the situation between 1904 and 1914? Germany, rapidly expanding her population, had brought her army to a size and state of efficiency which terrified Europe. She was building up a navy to rival our own paramount sea-power. England, long in splendid isolation, had come back into the balance of power, the entente with France was signed. To meet the challenge of Germany in threats and armaments, a close alliance between England, France, and Russia was being negotiated and Germany's leaders were by every means in their power endeavouring to persuade the world and their people that these powers were endeavouring to "encircle" Germany and to strangle her legitimate and vital expansion. That was the situation then; that is the situation now. The cry of "encirclement" was on every German leader's tongue in 1904, just as it is to-day. The "encircling powers" were the same three monsters. There is no new thing under the sun.

THE FIRST 200,000: A cheerful queue waiting outside King's Cross Employment Exchange last Saturday to register under the new Military Training Act which provides that they shall have six months with the Colours. There was a steady flow of young men throughout the day to 11,000 offices in all parts of the country, and their cheerful demeanour and excellent physique were subjects of general comment. Actually 219,964 recorded their names, and of these less than 4,000 described themselves as conscientious objectors

LABOUR AND SIR STAFFORD.

—Highly trained speakers with vast experience in the presentation of unpalatable causes in their most favourable light are rare and invaluable in any party. The overwhelming confirmation of Sir Stafford's expulsion from the Labour Party is a tribute to that party's singleness of aim. Another tribute to it was Sir Stafford's ardent wooing of the party which has rejected him. Now finally? I doubt it. He left no stone unturned to get back, swallowed his pride, cut short his holiday; all to no purpose. This unanimity of the party about Sir Stafford's Popular Front activities and actions is in sharp contrast to the indecision of its Parliamentary leaders in the past year concerning European policy and defence. There must be such hundreds of men of average education like myself who, having no innate antipathy to the Labour Party, have yet been irritated beyond measure in the past year by the senseless "oppose at all costs" or "grudgingly concede" methods adopted in Parliament by the Party leaders, who in or out of the House never succeed in putting across to their listeners one single constructive point of policy which they would prosecute if now in power. It is maddening to listen to persistent obstruction to a policy for which the critics can offer no clear or reasonable alternative, or any counter suggestion but vague and hackneyed generalities and slogans. I have a strong feeling that Sir Stafford will come back.

COUNT GRANDI IN OUR MIDST.—

Count Grandi has been quite popular in England. He has gone about a welcome guest and was often regarded as an agent for peace and appeasement and an ambassador of the old, dignified school. He, too, it seems, shares with dictators some of their unpleasant oratorical duties. He must embody several voices and act the yes-man. And he must obey his dictator as well as his sense of decency. The Italian Press, if it does not misrepresent him, jubilantly recorded a speech he made in London to the German colony which he was fêting in celebration of the Italo-German alliance. He slashed at the rabid impotence and base designs of Britain and France and promised a new cycle of greater and more dazzling victories for the two great Fascist nations. The twenty years following Versailles had taught Italians who were their real enemies. Pleasant, wasn't it?—if rightly reported. Such were not the methods of Prince Lichnowsky on the eve of 1914. They were not methods employed by any ambassador of a civilised power up to that time. Times have changed indeed, if Count Grandi was rightly reported. Imagine Sir Nevile Henderson saying the same sort of thing in Berlin to an Anglo-French audience! Well, you can't.

PRINCE PAUL.—

The lot of kings and princes is never a bed of roses. In countries under the thumb of dictators their lot is extremely hard and many heavy and grievous duties are forced upon them against their inclination. I have once or twice expressed sympathy with the King of Italy, who was bred up in a world in which certain standards of dignity and morality in international relations still existed. And now I am sorry for Prince Paul. I dare say he does not ask for sympathy. It may be that, carried along on the tide of inexorably moving events, he has largely forgotten the past. But time was when he lived much in England and, receiving a good deal of hospitality here, he appeared to show his deep admiration and love of England and English ways. And now he has been to Berlin, somewhat crudely and splendidly received there as a sacrificial victim. The Press of Berlin was in no doubt of his position. He came to hand over his country to the good offices of the Reich and to escape from the toils of the democracies. And perhaps Prince Paul agreed with what they said. But who knows what is in the mind of any man, even if he wears or keeps warm a crown? Though the tables groaned under the weight of the

LONDON NEWSLETTER

rich sacrificial meats I dare to say it was a Barmecide's feast for Prince Paul and perhaps for those who cooked and served it. I dare to expend a tear for Prince Paul, whether he needed it or no.

IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.—Some will say one thing, some another about conditions in Czechoslovakia. Some say:—Everything is by no means lovely in the new Reich garden of Czechoslovakia. Perhaps it is early days to expect it. Many of us expect it never. The Czechs are a hard-headed race, a strong, virile strain, intensely patriotic. They have not the discipline of mind, the willingness to yield personal freedom, which is a characteristic of their "conquerors." Left to themselves, this picked democratic state brought their country to a very high state of economic and administrative organisation. To-day (it is gradually leaking out) that organisation is more nearly chaos. What remains of the Czech authority will by no means co-operate with the Nazi regime which even Von Neurath cannot direct or control. Hitherto the Nazi authority and the Gestapo have done more destroying than rebuilding, and the "redeemed" Sudetens are not yet reaping the benefits of redemption. The spirit of the race is not quenched. In dark corners and in whispers words of comfort and of hope pass from ear to ear. The usual regime of spying, wholesale arrests, peculation and *bloc* transfer of workers goes along but the spirit of the Czechs will not be crushed and one day it will flare up. If ever Hitler made a blunder and paid high for a fearful liability, it was when he annexed Czechoslovakia and finally convinced the world of his purpose. That is the theory of some.

"MEIN KAMPF."—Mr. Chamberlain has published *his Kampf*. Hitler wrote his best-seller for the most part when in prison. Mr. Chamberlain was undergoing a term of hard labour when he composed for various occasions *The Struggle for Peace*. It is not likely to rival the sales of Hitler's book because, though thousands will read it, millions will not be compelled to buy it. The book is published by Hutchinson, and covers two years to a day—two years to the day of publication, June 1. It begins with the Caxton Hall meeting of May 31, 1937, when the newly-appointed Premier was elected chairman of the Conservative Party. It is Mr. Chamberlain's apologia for his Munich policy, and apologia does not (and never did) mean apology. He is frank; he admits that scores of mistakes, a mass of failures, have occurred; that in the past our policy has been often unwise, short-sighted, selfish. For the rest, the book is based on arguments made familiar by all Mr. Chamberlain's speeches on the Munich policy (and after) in and out of Parliament. He pins his faith on the common desire for peace felt by the peoples of *all* countries, and he believes that every day that passes without war reduces the chances of war. He believes that his policy and methods were right in 1938, that his subsequent volte-face was inevitable and right, that both policy at Munich and the volte-face have hitherto prevented war and not increased the chance of it, and that majority opinion in Britain endorses his view. I think he is right, though personally I should have liked the apologia better if there had been in it no reference whatever to the Conservative Party.

EXIT TOWNSEND PLAN.—Dr. Townsend of California was "in at the death" of his plan last week when by a huge majority Congress laughed it out of court. It has played quite an important part in U.S. politics, it was a strong plank in many a platform, there was a time when a Townsend party looked forward to a big chunk of political cake. It was one of those ingenious plans which attract the dreamer rather than the logical. It was a scheme for providing pensions of £40 a month to all over sixty, the only condition being that the money must be spent locally before the month ended. The increased buying power thus created and exercised would so improve trade that the scheme would pay for itself. It was the discovery of the philosopher's stone, it was the solving of the problem of perpetual motion. It was a political policy and economic theory which for a brief space won support by that human propensity for day dreaming which shrewd men build their plans upon. Something for nothing. £500 a year for the mere trouble of going shopping. There is no limit to the heights of human credulity or political slimness. But the doctor no doubt was sincere in his beliefs.

THE PASSING OF SIR PHILIP SASSOON: A characteristic portrait of this notable figure in national life who has just died at the age of fifty. He was twice Under-Secretary of State for Air and since 1937 he has been First Commissioner of Works—an appointment that was clearly the stepping stone to a seat in the Cabinet. Sir Philip crowded much into his relatively short life for, in addition to his political work, he was a great patron of the arts and a practical enthusiast in aviation. In writing an appreciation of him Sir Samuel Hoare declared: "He had a true sensibility of the head and the heart. It gave him contact with the interests and the beauties of the world. It stimulated varied acts of kindness and generosity. It made him a fine exponent of the art of life"

THE "THETIS."—Of all the modern war devices that which humanity most detests is the submarine. That is because it offers to a maximum degree a two-sided danger and horror. The risks attendant on its use are very grave in times of peace. In time of war it is the riskiest of all branches of all arms and its powers of evil to the enemy are the most insidious, if not the most ruthless and cruel. Time and again attempts have been made to secure its abolition by convention, but since its uses are not of equal value to all Powers, such a convention cannot be secured. It was the internal combustion engine whose progress to efficiency made it possible about the beginning of this century for the Admiralty to take up this new device as a recognised arm of the service. But the idea was not new. I recall that Nelson's Hardy, when commanding the North American station, saw an American submarine vessel at work a century ago. Within a month two major disasters to very modern submarines have come to America and Britain, resulting in more than 100 deaths. The *Thetis* disaster is a parallel with that of *R 101*, for many invaluable experts were aboard her during this trial cruise and their loss must inevitably be strongly felt at a time when Britain has such need of her best naval brains. Safety devices are always being invented, but none is availing for all sets of circumstances under which it may be needed. The submarine is still to-day the most dangerous trade in the service, the horrors it envisages are clearly understood by all, and it is detested by human beings all the world over. The loss of the *Thetis* has cast a gloom over the country and brought tragedy to scores of homes.

HOUSES AND GARDENS TO SEE.—American and other visitors have a good chance ahead to see some of the finest old country houses and gardens looking their best. On Wednesday, June 14, Knole, Sevenoaks, one of the most famous in England, is open. On Thursday, June 15, Losely Park, Guildford, a fine, sad Tudor house. Of notable gardens, I recommend Frensham Hall, Haslemere, and Nyman's, Handcross, and Sheffield Park, Uckfield, on Saturday, June 10, and the Mill House, Wonersh, near Guildford, for Sunday, June 11. All these are in easy reach of London and would amply repay a visit.

THE OLD STAGER

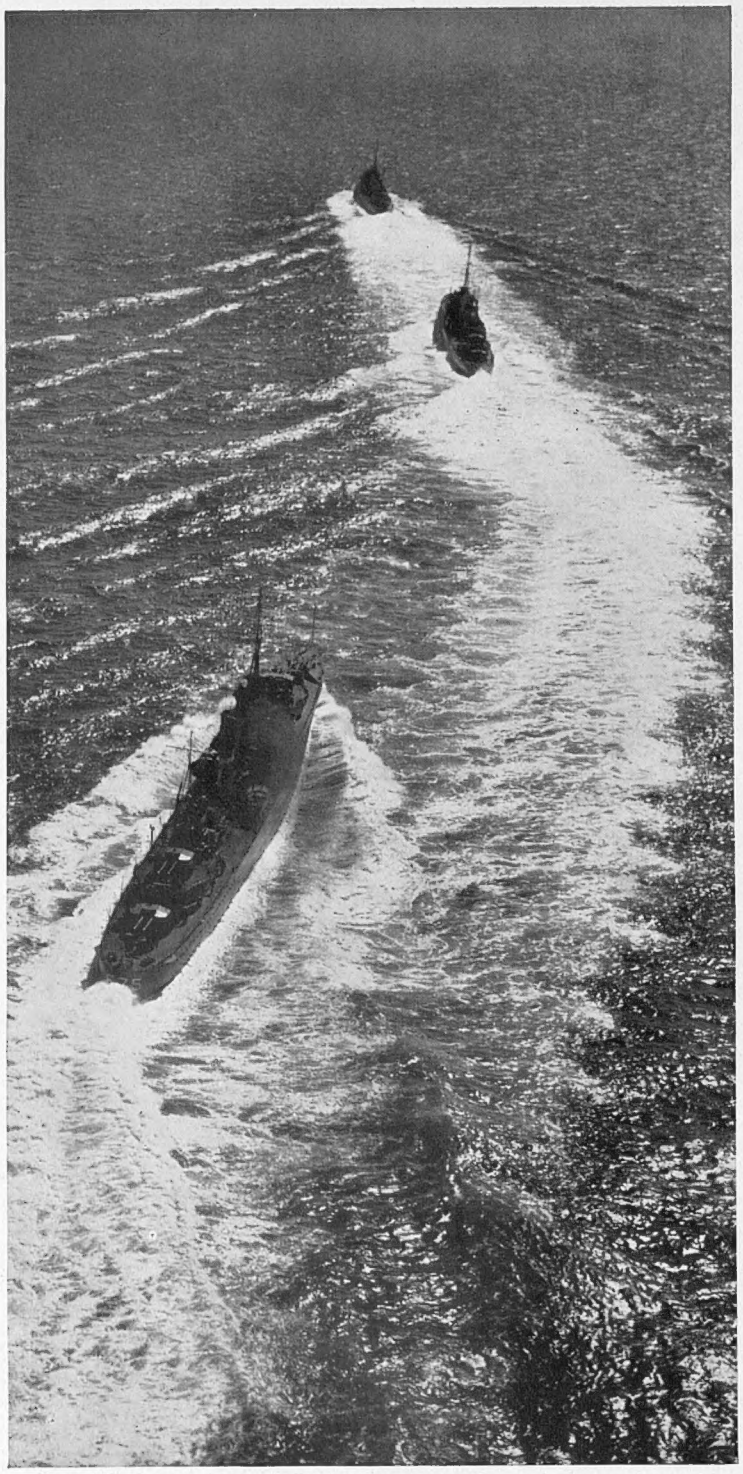
SIGNI[illegible]ON AT BRIXTON: A scene in the [illegible]bour Exchange as potential militia[illegible]en handed in their birth certifi[illegible]es. In order to facilitate matters they visited sections of the counter labelled in accordance with the mo[illegible]h of the year in which they were born. The process of registration worked very smoothly indeed at most of the exchanges, and it was estimated that each man was dealt with in about five minutes

THE EVENT THAT CAST A DEEP GLOOM UPON A WEEK-END OF SUNSHINE: Crowds standing outside the Admiralty to watch Lord Stanhope, the First Lord, leave for Parliament where the announcement was made that there would be a full public inquiry into the *Thetis* disaster, the greatest tragedy in the history of submarines. It was a week-end rendered all the more harrowing by alternate hopes and fears and the fact that so many civilians were on board the ill-fated craft. In explaining the disaster Mr. Chamberlain told the House that the sinking of the *Thetis* was caused by the flooding of two compartments through a torpedo tube

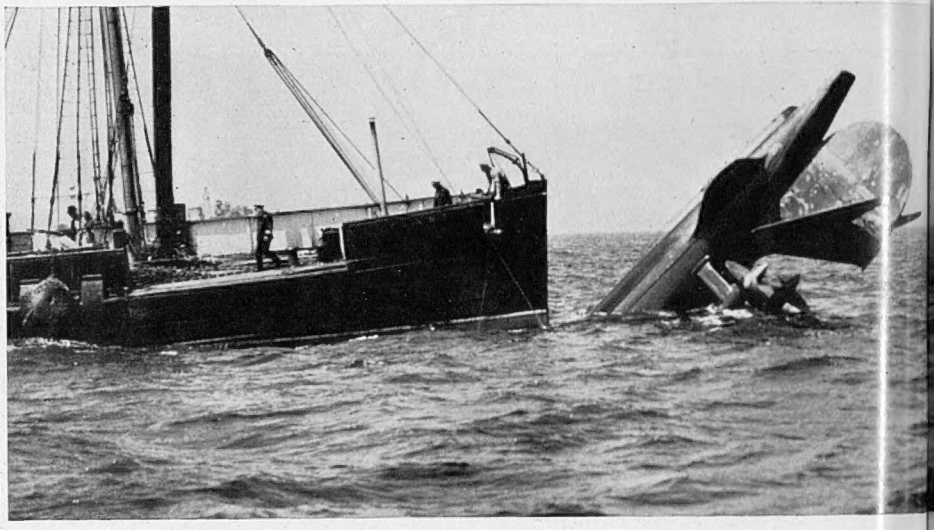
PHASES OF THE "THETIS" DISA

Depicted in a Series of Diagrams Specially Made for "The

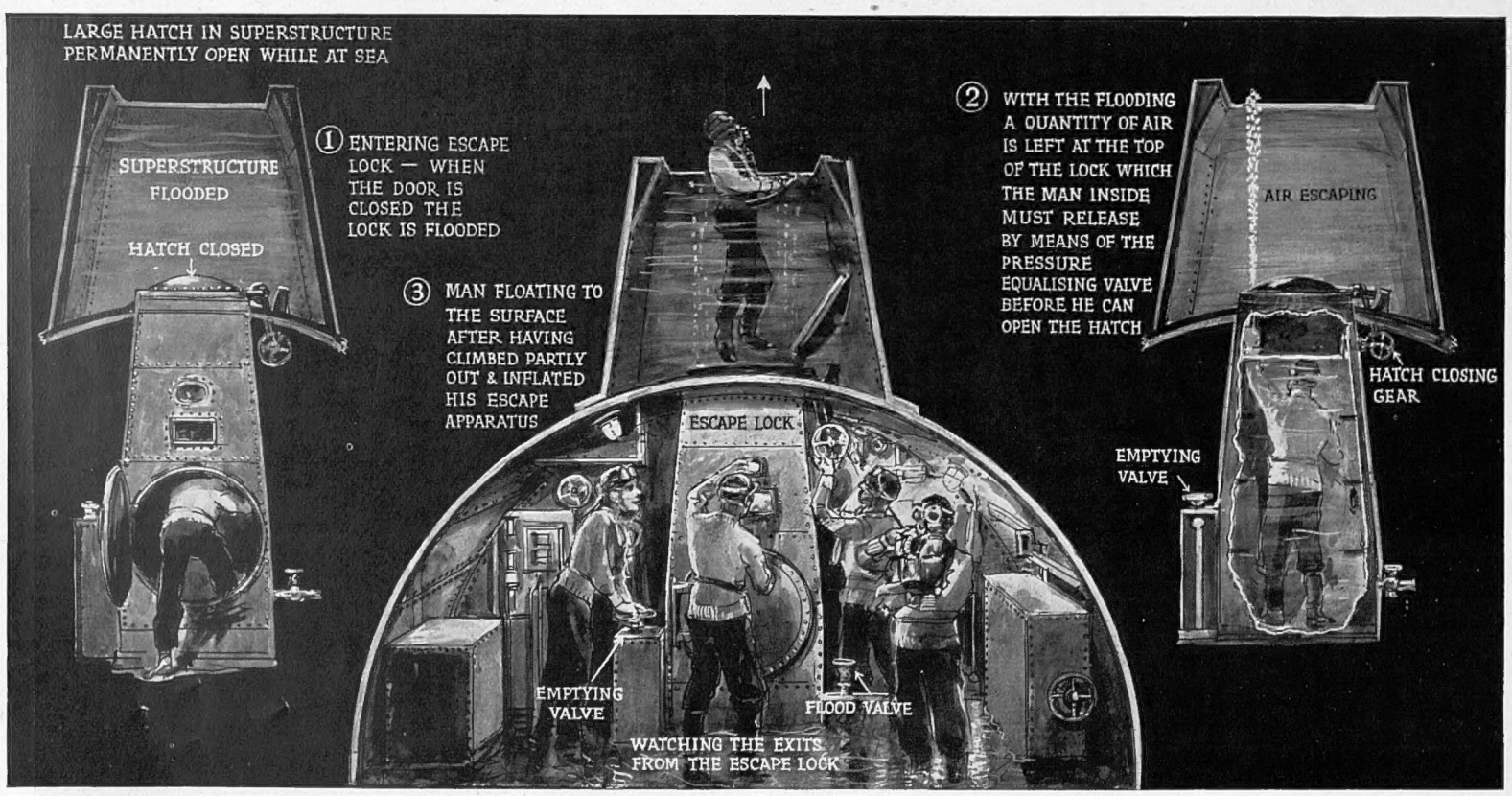
A DRAMATIC MOMENT: An aerial view reportedly taken at the exact second when one of the survivors was breaking the surface after using the Davis escape. The white spot in the sea near the and the projecting stern of the submarine indicate the position. The stern was only visible



DESTROYERS RACE TO THE RESCUE: Warships of the Tribal class seen as they steamed from Plymouth to Liverpool after being summoned to help with the salvaging of the sunken submarine *Thetis*. At the time of the ill-fated dive there were no warships cruising within easy reach



WHEN THE SUBMARINE'S STERN APPEARED ABOVE THE SURFACE it was seen that her stern fins or rudders were hard down; in other words, they were in the position for surfacing the boat. At the moment there is somewhat conflicting evidence of an unofficial nature regarding when the flooding of the submarine took place. One survivor has said it occurred the moment she dived, and another, rather surprisingly, has said that 1½ hrs. elapsed. The latter statement came from Leading Stoker W. C. Arnold, who was interviewed on leaving hospital

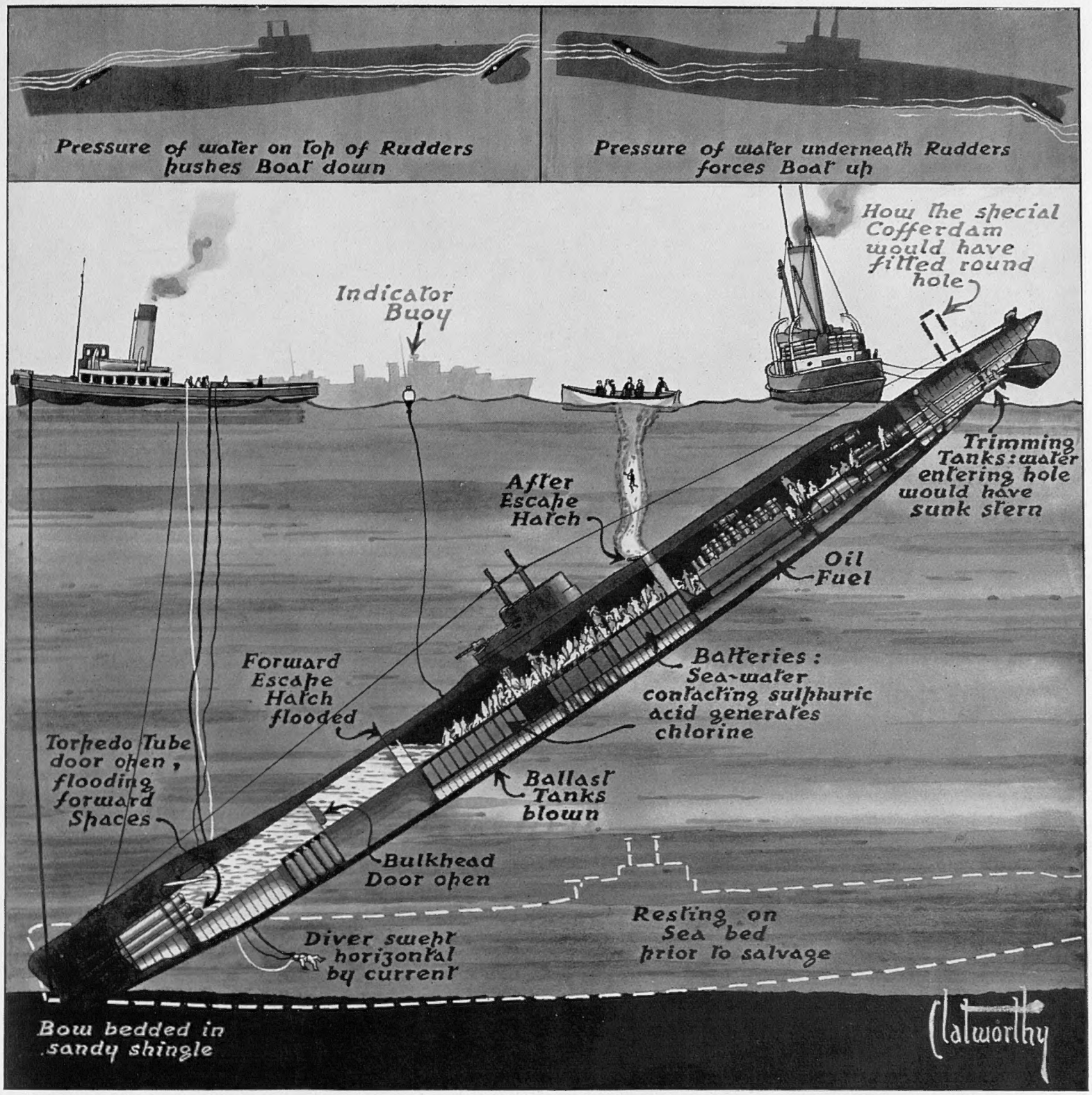


HOW THE DAVIS ESCAPE APPARATUS WORKS: A diagrammatic drawing showing the operation of the equipment that is provided on all British submarines. The type depicted here slightly ante-dates that in use on the *Thetis*, but the principle is the same. When a man enters the escape lock he has to undergo quite an ordeal, for it takes more than ordinary nerve to stand the strain of the steadily mounting water which he must allow to rise above his head before he finally equalises the pressure, opens the hatch, and shoots up to the surface at a controlled speed on the resultant air bubble. It was reported that men were drowned in the escape chamber of the *Thetis*; it will be noted that the chamber was at a very steep angle

Above—WHEN MAKING AN ESCAPE from a submarine respirators of this type are worn

STER
e Sphere"

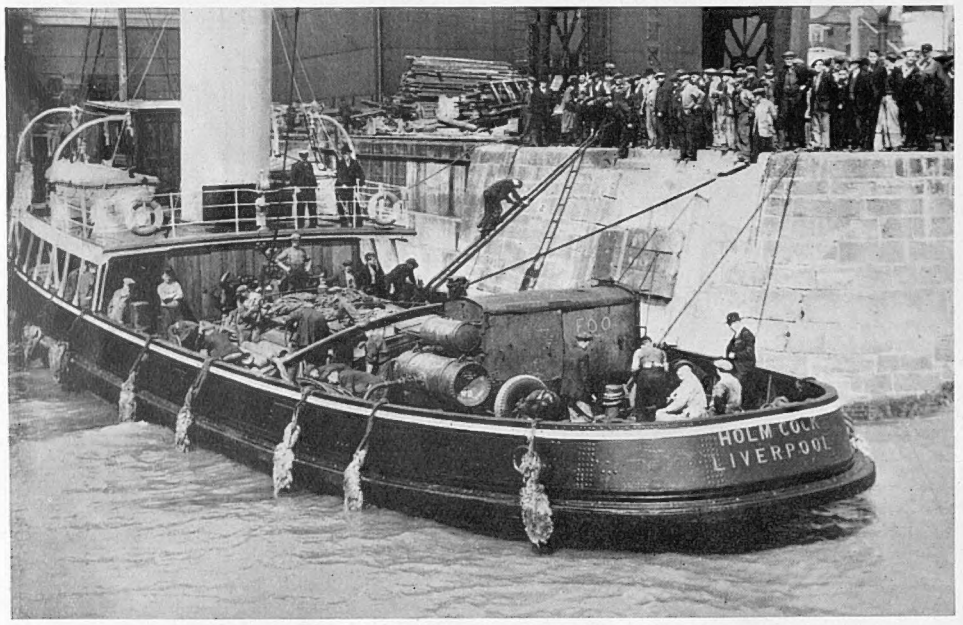
the *Thetis* sur-
the ship's lifeboats
ble for six hours



THE FIRST POSITION OF THE "THETIS": This diagram has been specially made for "The Sphere" to show how the submarine flooded her two forward compartments through having a torpedo tube door open and then came to rest with her bows embedded in the sandy shingle. The forward escape hatch, it will be seen, was flooded, but the after hatch was left intact, and it was through this that four men came to safety. Why no others followed them is for the time being a mystery, but may eventually be cleared up. The divers who worked round the hull found the current so strong that they were swept into a horizontal position

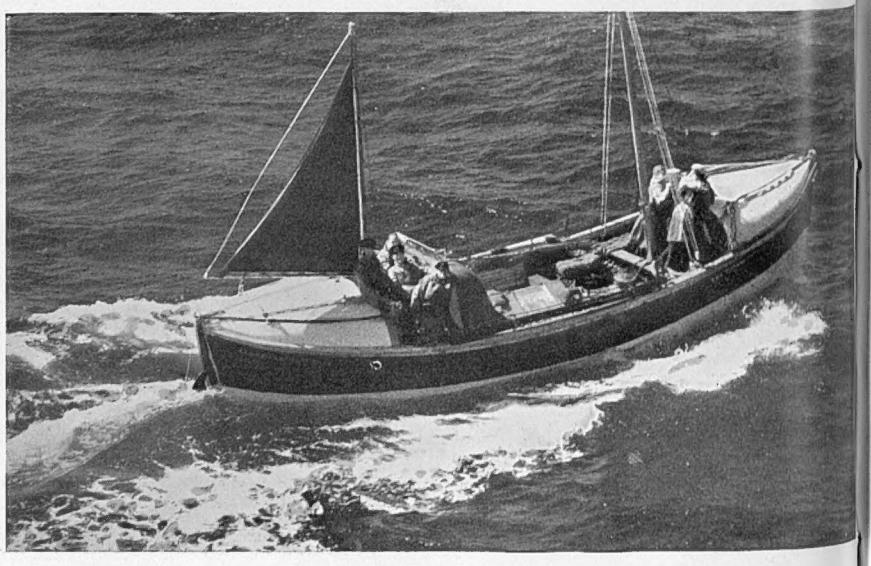
On right—THE FINAL POSITION OF THE SUBMARINE: A diagrammatic drawing by D. Macpherson showing the *Thetis* on the bed of Liverpool Bay where she finally came to rest on what was fortunately a shingle bottom. The report that she had turned turtle was evidently absolutely unfounded, as were so many other vague rumours that ran round in the course of the rescue operations

LATE LAST SATURDAY EVENING this Admiralty deep-sea diver went down to the sunken submarine *Thetis*, but, so swift was the current, he was often unable to keep his feet and it then became apparent that there was little or no hope left for the ninety-nine men entombed within. *Below on left*—Air compressors and oxy-acetylene apparatus being loaded up at Liverpool before being taken out to the scene of the wreck



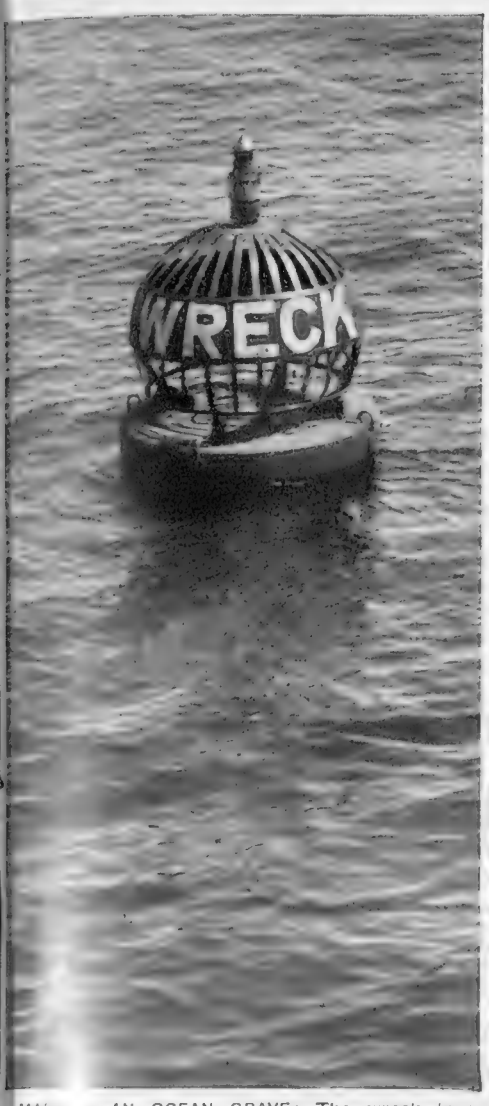
Below on left—IN HOURS OF ANGUISH: Mrs. Bolus, wife of the sunken submarine's commander, seen with other anxious relatives outside the offices of Cammell Laird

SALVAGE EXPERTS, many of whom have assisted in raising the German Fleet at Scapa Flow, seen as they arrived at Liverpool Aerodrome en route to the wreck



NINETY-NINE MEN PERISH IN THE SUBMARINE "THETIS"

After Vain Attempts to Refloat the Vessel in Liverpool Bay—The Worst Disaster of Its Kind on Record—Four Use the Davis Escape



MAR[illegible] AN OCEAN GRAVE: The wreck buoy [illegible]ch was placed over the *Thetis* after all hope [illegible] abandoned. *Above on right*—Tugs taking [illegible]el pontoons out to the scene of operations

A SUP[illegible]OR DIRECTS RESCUE OPERATIONS: Captain Oram (wearing light overcoat) seen on board the salvage vessel *Vigilant* where he worked unceasingly after escaping from the submarine by the Davis method. He was one of the many technical experts in the *Thetis* during her acceptance trials and following the ill-fated dive he volunteered to go to the surface to act as a human buoy. As it happened, however, he was at once rescued

On left—WITH A DOCTOR ON BOARD, Llandudno lifeboat put out to the scene of operations so that the men using the Davis escape could have immediate treatment. *Right*—Meanwhile an anxious crowd of mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts continued to wait for news at the shipyard

THE KING AND QUEEN AT CALGARY: Their Majesties in conversation with Blackfoot Indians during their visit to this great city of the prairies on their west-bound trip across Canada. Up to now the tour has been a veritable triumph and "The Sphere" is planning to record it in detail in a special issue which will be published on June 24, immediately after Their Majesties' return

A SIGNIFICANT MEETING: Field-Marshal Göring, Princess Olga of Yugoslavia, Frau Göring, Prince Paul, Chief Regent of Yugoslavia, and Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch seen together at the reception given in honour of Prince and Princess Paul at the Charlottenburg Palace, Berlin. Prince Paul's state visit lasted eight days, and he was received by the leaders of the Reich with a great show of enthusiasm. Where Yugoslavia now stands with regard to the Axis is still a matter for conjecture

THE SITUATION IN SHANGHAI: Japanese police searching a suspect Chinese in the International Settlement, while a Scottish guard stands on duty nearby. The Japanese declare that they must rid the city of Chinese opponents and at the same time larger issues are under discussion by the ambassadors of the three democratic powers. This week there was trouble of a different kind when a British employee of a Shanghai firm died in hospital after being wounded by a Japanese sailor

JAPAN'S TEST CASE:

The Answer to Her Demands in Kulangsu May Well Decide Her Future Policy In Regard to the Larger International Settlements

TO the comparatively uninitiated it may seem that Kulangsu, that tiny island off the treaty port of Amoy, is having more than its fair share of prominence in the world's press during recent weeks. The reason, of course, becoming increasingly obvious, is that the Japanese are making a test case of Kulangsu—that the demands made there were simply a small scale edition of Japan's fixed policy towards the questions of international settlements and foreign concessions in China. In other words, if their plans had gone through in Kulangsu, it would have been considerably easier to tackle Shanghai and Tientsin.

That is why the rights of a little place like Kulangsu are so important at the moment to everyone interested and concerned in the Far Eastern clash, which in its effects and repercussions is not confined to the Far East at all. Otherwise, apart from the personalities affected, it would seem absurd that there should be all this fuss about a tiny foreign settlement in China, so countrified that there are not even any proper roads, and the only method of travel other than Shanks's pony is by a rather primitive edition of sedan chair.

The whole settlement—comparable to the International Settlement in Shanghai on a miniature scale—has been most peacefully run, and there has never been anything but cordial relationship between the Japanese authorities and the ruling parties of Amoy and Kulangsu—even when last year an unnecessarily large number of Japanese were landed to "protect" the Japanese Consulate (housing the senior Consular representative in Kulangsu) in view of the number of Chinese refugees which had fled there from Amoy.

It is now authoritatively reported that the Chinese resident, Hung Li-Hsun, whose murder in the island created the "incident," was not considered to be a pro-Japanese. He was never even an enthusiastic Japanese supporter, as the Japanese reports would have us believe. His business office across the harbour in Amoy adjoined that of Japanese shipping firms with which, for business reasons, he was closely associated. But he was no more intimate with the Japanese firms than with the European ones, and as he did not want to involve himself with the Japanese plans he had resigned, some months ago, from the Peace Maintenance Committee.

No one was about at the time of the murder as it was raining, and certainly there was no proof that it was the work of terrorists. But the Japanese at once declared that this was the case, and landed marines immediately after the shooting.

The island was literally in the hands of the Japanese. All jetties were guarded, and no one except Customs officials was allowed to land or to leave the island for a time. The house-to-house searching carried out by the Japanese was guided by Formosans, many of whom live in Kulangsu and harbour among them notorious evil-doers.

If their nationals are in danger the Japanese are within their rights to land troops to protect them; but it must be done with legal procedure and with regard to the international character of the settlement. In this case all such regard was ignored, quite apart from the fact that no Japanese nationals were in danger.

The inhabitants of Kulangsu have for months past been getting their food supplies from the mainland by junks. Now the food question is rapidly becoming critical owing to the Japanese blockade of the island—a move which has already led them into difficulties through their mistaken policy of firing across the bows of and boarding the P. and O. liner *Ranpura*. (The excuse of non-recognition of a mail boat which has been plying between London and Yokohama for as many years as most residents in the Far East care to remember is truly Japanese!) Food prices in the Settlement have risen beyond the reach of 90 per cent. of the population (which means all but the "foreign" residents), and some action will have to be taken very soon.

Nor will this situation have been eased by the typhoon which was raging 60 miles south-east of Hong Kong earlier in the week. This is reported to have battered shipping severely (including some Japanese warships doing blockade patrol on the Chinese coast). And the damage done by a typhoon to crops, railways, roads, etc., invariably causes certain at least temporary food shortages and a consequent rise in prices.

In the meantime the Japanese demands, via the Municipal Council, for the control and arrangements of Kulangsu, have been finally rejected, to the great satisfaction, among others, of the Chinese. In Hong Kong the Chinese vernacular press declared the landing of British, French, and American blue-jackets on Kulangsu, as a counter to the Japanese landing, to be the "first effective action taken by the Powers in the Far Eastern war since its outbreak twenty-two months ago."

At the moment of writing Ambassadors and Naval Commanders-in-Chief of the three democratic powers most immediately affected by these latest Japanese moves are concentrated in Shanghai for discussion, while not only little Kulangsu but all the world is waiting anxiously for the resulting decisions as to present and future policy.

J. G.

LATVIA ACCLAIMS ULMANIS

And France Once Again Commemorates Her National Heroine

LETIS GO GAY: To mark the fifth anniversary of Latvia's authoritarian regime under Karlis Ulmanis there were big celebrations throughout the Republic and in Riga many citizens donned national costume. A party of them is seen (*above*) walking past the Liberty Statue. *Right*—A section of the cheering throng of uniformed youths that gathered to acclaim President Ulmanis, national leader since the day in 1918 when Latvia won her independence. Latvia now has to rely upon German goodwill, and it aroused little surprise last month when it was announced that the two countries were negotiating a non-aggression pact

THE FETE DE JEANNE D'ARC IN ROUEN: Schoolgirls throwing flowers into the Seine during the celebrations in honour of the national heroine of France. In Paris, Orleans, and Rheims there were also celebrations, but in Rouen—the English headquarters where the Maid was arraigned before the Bishop of Beauvais and later burnt at the stake—they were especially impressive. The flame of commemoration was rekindled by Mr. William C. Bullitt, the American Ambassador

THE SKY MINE QUESTION

And Other Aspects of Aerial Defence

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF UNCERTAINTY: In this drawing, specially made for "The Sphere," D. Macpherson shows the pilot and navigator in the cockpit of a bombing plane as they fly above the clouds towards their objective. In the distance they dimly discern something jutting through the clouds and realise that they may be approaching a balloon barrage or possibly an aerial mine field. Their reaction to this uncertainty must be immense and it is partly for this reason that the idea of the sky mine is now being considered with increasing favour by aeronautical experts. It is felt that it might well prove a decisive factor in time of war

THE FIRST AIR-RAID SIREN ERECTED ON A HIGHWAY: It is on Robin Hood Way, Kingston by-pass, and is the forerunner of many more

BRITAIN'S SAFEST TOWN: One of the entrances to the underground galleries which are being tunnelled through the cliffs at Ramsgate to accommodate the entire population

SWEDEN STORES FOOD: These cans contain the prescribed emergency rations for a single individual and the Swedish Government has advised every citizen to have such a store put away in his house in order to meet emergencies

THE DUKE OF KENT AT SHOEBURYNESS: His Royal Highness pictured at the War Office Experimental Establishment with Col. F. C. Rossiter

In recent issues of "The Sphere" reference has been made to the aerial sky mine invented by Major H. J. Muir and there is no doubt that it is beginning to be widely felt that this might well prove a decisive factor in aerial warfare. Major Muir's plan for attaching miniature balloons to bomb canisters and of raising a whole field of them aloft in the probable path of enemy bombers is certainly original and it is easy to understand its potentialities. Many readers have been in correspondence with "The Sphere" on the subject and the following article by Major Muir is intended to explain away some of the queries which they have raised regarding operational difficulties

AMONG the principal difficulties in the way of the adoption of the sky mine there is the fact that it may be almost impossible for any country which employs sky mines to avoid casualties or restraint of action to their own aircraft on account of unexpected changes of wind. Only meteorological services can say with any accuracy what risk may thus be incurred.

If all neighbouring countries decide that the use of sky mines will save them from aerial bombardment, we are compelled to imagine a sky so dangerous to aircraft that all flying must cease during hostilities.

The number of sky mines necessary to achieve this eminently desirable result brings us immediately to the next serious operational difficulty, the requisite supplies of hydrogen.

There is so much difference of opinion about the numbers of sky mines required to scare aircraft from the skies that nothing less than a full-scale trial can provide an answer. Our defence authorities repeatedly tell us that the existing costly and cumbersome captive balloon barrage, for all its restrictions of numbers, areas, and altitude, will have such a demoralising effect on enemy bombers that they will not approach any town so defended.

There are those who believe that one sky mine, floating in the track of bombers, invisible and at unknown altitude, would have a greater deterrent effect than one captive balloon, at a thousandth part of the initial cost and expenditure.

It is true that captive balloons do not require inflating every time they are used, but it is the cost of cylinders and equipment, not the actual manufacture of hydrogen, which is the important item. Sky mines do not require costly hangars as do captive balloons.

Until trials prove the number of mines necessary, it is impossible to calculate the quantity of hydrogen required. It is certain that vast quantities must always be readily available. The cost of the necessary equipment may be heavy or it may be transferred from the captive balloon service now in preparation.

If sky mines can eliminate all aerial warfare—as many

(*Continued on page* 460)

JAPAN FALLS UPON CHUNGKING

And Leaves It a Mass of Blazing Ruins—200,000 Flee the City

CHUNGKING IN MARCH: A meeting being held in the city—China's temporary capital—to raise funds for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's New Life Movement. A picture that evidences the activity of Chungking before the Japanese bombers came last month, and, in a rapid succession of air raids, reduced much of the place to a mass of ruins

TRAGIC EMOTIONS are registered on the faces of these unhappy Chinese as they watch their homes in Chungking being destroyed by Japanese incendiary bombs. The raids on Chungking have been the most devastating Japan has delivered since she attacked Canton and they reflect the invader's growing irritation at the stubborn resistance of the Chinese, who have of late made a magnificent showing on all the battlefronts

FIRE-FIGHTERS IN ACTION: Pouring water on to one of the many buildings in Chungking set ablaze by incendiary bombs. Chungking has been the capital of China for some months past. It is a city of great importance as it is the commercial centre of the whole south-west

BISHOP JENTZAN, head of a foreign mission in Chungking, standing amid the ruins of his mission following the raids. A number of people in the building were killed

A LUCKY SURVIVOR: Rescuers assisting an aged woman to hospital after she had been trapped for hours in the ruins of a building levelled by the Japanese bombers

THE NAVY TO THE RESCUE: These sailors from the American warship *Tutulla* were in Chungking at the time of the bombing and rendered immense service in rescuing civilians from the burning and fallen buildings. Several bombs rained down on the British Consulate

REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES: A scene of appalling devastation in one of the main streets of the city after the Japanese bombers had worked their will. More than 200,000 people fled from Chungking during the raids. The last and worst raid took place at twilight, when the planes proved difficult targets for the ring of Chinese anti-aircraft guns

THE ADMIRALTY TAKES CONTROL OF THE FLEET AIR ARM

Thus Bringing an End to a Controversy that has been to the Fore for Many Years : No More Danger from Divided Authority

BLACKBURN SKUAS FROM THE "ARK ROYAL" FLYING IN FORMATION: On May 24 these planes, together with all other planes operating from warships, were officially placed under the control of the Admiralty in accordance with the decision made by the Government in 1937 when it was realised that the dual authority of the Admiralty and the Air Ministry was a serious menace to efficiency. As far as possible, administration of the Fleet Air Arm will be brought into line with that of the rest of the Royal Navy, but until such time as full requirements can be met from naval sources the naval personnel in the Fleet Air Arm will be supplemented by a number of R.A.F. officers

TO REMAIN UNDER R.A.F. CONTROL: Flying boats from the Calshot station practising a formation flight during a rehearsal for Empire Air Day. Under the terms of the Government decision made in 1937, the Air Ministry retains full administrative and operational control over all flying boats and over all aircraft detailed for coast defence duties but operating from a shore aerodrome. As noted above, it is in the matter of ship-borne planes that the Admiralty now wields the bulk of its newly acquired authority

RETURNING TO ITS FLOATI about to land on the fl *Courageous*. Piloting Air Arm pilots, picked fr at land aerodromes. carrier these pilots are and taking off in the They start by flying M and finally learn to han training for the Air Arm stations which have be incidentally, have be on-Solent (H.M.S. *Daedalu* Down (H.M.S. *Kestre*

A SWORDFISH BIPLANE takes off from the deck of the *Ark Royal*, Britain's newest aircraft-carrier and at the same time one of the warships most affected by the transfer of the Fleet Air Arm to the administrative control of the Admiralty. That the Admiralty should have this control of all aircraft operating with the Fleet at sea has long been deemed desirable, for it is self-evident that one side in a battle must be under a distinct disadvantage if the control of his weapons is vested in two separate commands

HOME: An Osprey machine deck of the aircraft-carrier machine was one of the new Fleet the lower deck and initially trained being transferred to an aircraft- once given instruction in landing tricted space available on a ship. planes, graduate to the Ospreys, the latest type—the Skuas. Shore be carried on at the four R.A.F. taken over by the Admiralty and, given ships' names. They are:—Lee-Ford (H.M.S. *Peregrine*), Worthy and Donibristle (H.M.S. *Merlin*)

LIFE IN THE FLEET AIR ARM demands more than an ordinary degree of nerve and no one surely envies this man his job of climbing out on to the wing of his flying boat in order to prepare the tackle for hoisting the craft on to the parent warship. Often these aircraft have to land on anything but calm water, and this naturally makes the task additionally difficult for the pilot. The plane is known as a Walrus amphibian, and is the heaviest craft that can at present be launched by the catapult system

THE TASK OF SPANISH RECONSTRUCTION

Many Damaged Works of Religious Art

A MUTILATED FIGURE OF CHRIST: A religious statue wantonly damaged during the early days of the civil war when Toledo was in the hands of the anarchists. Churches in nearly every part of Spain have lost many of their treasures, not a few of them being irreplaceable

CLEFT BY A SWORD: The head of a religious statue wantonly damaged in a church of Toledo province

THE destruction of the works of art in Spain has been almost entirely directed against those of a religious character and inevitably involves an immense task of reconstruction. Spain, throughout the centuries, has remained profoundly Catholic. Its religion has animated every form of spiritual activity, but the photographs here reproduced also evidence the lengths to which anti-Christ can go. It is inevitable that war causes destruction outside the limits of its immediate objective. Churches, sanctuaries, historic monuments, with their precious possessions, are bombed to ruins. But the degradation, mutilation or profanation of nearly all the religious works of art in Spain are not due to hazards of war.

Their destruction has been effected in a deliberate manner, far from the battlefields, and, therefore, not for military purposes. The Republican party of Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona may have stated that they never instigated such action. Be that as it may, there is sufficient evidence in the fact that this occurred too often and in too many places not to prove the execution of a concentrated plan. In the Ebro district religious works of art in the churches were in many cases not destroyed by shells, but deliberately set on fire or dynamited.

A. W.

WAR AT ITS UGLIEST: All these statues once adorned the altar of a church in the province of Toledo. They were battered in the early days of the civil war before the Left-wing Government had taken a grip upon the anti-Catholic elements within its ranks

WHERE FRANCE HAS THE ASPECT OF SPAIN

A Glimpse of Life in the Busy Pyrenean Frontier Town of Perpignan

PERPIGNAN is a delightful town where everybody talks a great deal, but nobody says anything! Here are nearly 90,000 inhabitants, of whom probably 70 per cent. are French Catalans, most of them children of Spanish Catalans who, for political reasons, left Spain for ever over thirty years ago. All the townspeople, and those of the country, too, speak Catalan amongst themselves, French to those who cannot understand Catalan, and Spanish to those who can understand neither of the two former languages. French, of course, is the official language, spoken in municipal quarters, in the commercial tribunal and the police court, and elsewhere, but amongst themselves and in all the municipal offices the civil servants speak Catalan.

At night, the celebrated Palmarium, when crowded and with the orchestra playing, looks exactly like one of the grand cafés on the Ramblas, at Barcelona. One sees the same physiognomies as in Catalonia, and one hears the same language; and it is easy to forget that one is in France.

The Pyrenees Orientales have never been a real line of separation between France and Spain, and all that Louis XIV did in 1659 was to claim and obtain by treaty a county which never really belonged to France. In the province of Roussillon (France) there are as many Catalans as there are in the province of Gerona (Spain), and before the recent war they travelled backwards and forwards over the frontier, trading in both directions, as though they were all the time in one and the same country. Indeed, in Perpignan to-day one may occasionally see the old pre-war motor bus with its signboard "Perpignan-Figueras" on each side.

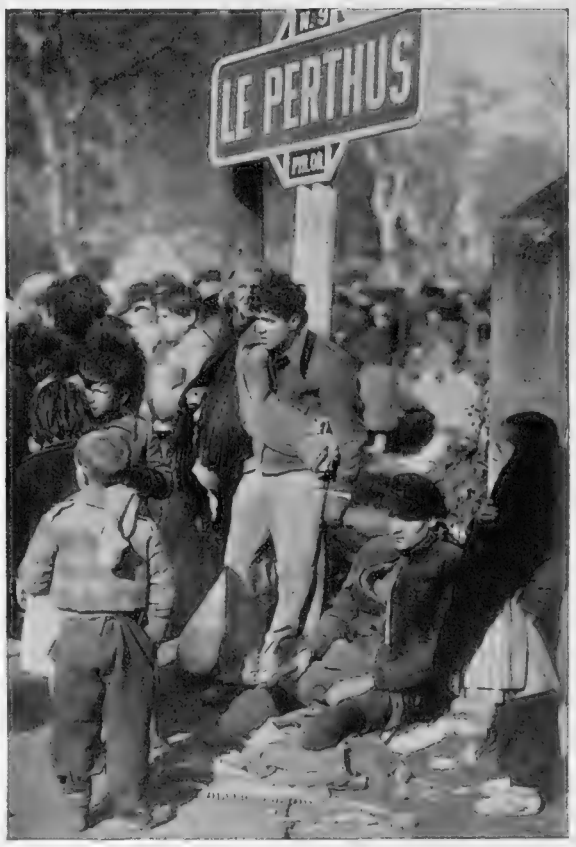
The civil war, of course, stopped the traffic; but it did nothing whatever to modify the good understanding and sympathy that exist more strongly than ever to-day between the Catalans of France and those of Spain, both of whom are strongly republican.

Except for a few commercially interested magnates and bigwigs and small groups of extremists in outlying and ignorant districts, the people of Roussillon are anti-Fascist and anti-Communist. Although in authoritative circles strict neutrality has to be maintained, it is plainly evident that sympathy is entirely with the republican brothers of Spain. But as France has officially recognised Franco's government, the situation in Roussillon, and above all in Perpignan, is particularly piquant—people talk a great deal, but say nothing!!

Although in Perpignan nothing appears on the surface but sunshine and gaiety, very active commerce in wine and garden produce, much bustle in everyday business, and considerable enthusiasm for sport; in certain aspects, and especially at night, the town does seem rather mysterious. There is such a huge number of private cars, which seem to be parked all day and on the run all night. Probably nowhere in France, with the possible exception of Strasbourg, are there so many police, gendarmes, civil guards and detectives. There are also *mouchards* and *espions* in plenty!

Every day, from about 5 p.m. till midnight, and on Saturdays and Sundays till 1 a.m. or 2 a.m., the cafés are crowded with people, mostly men, whose main topic of conversation is the future of Spain and particularly that of their compatriots just over the neighbouring mountains. Anxiety is often expressed, for nobody in Perpignan really believes for an instant that permanent peace has been acquired for Spain.

One of the most awkward problems facing the French authorities is that of the Spanish Republican military refugees now guarded in several concentration camps in the Pyrenees district, two of the largest of which are at Argelès-Plage and Le Balcarès, bathing stations near Perpignan. But for the work which is common to all camps, thousands and thousands of men—many more than the official figures give—are waiting in idleness for "something to happen." Add to these the privileged refugees, many of them of previous military or civil service rank, living on very small allowances in towns such as Toulouse and Narbonne, and one cannot but be convinced that "something *will* happen" sooner or later, probably sooner.



REFUGEES REACH LE PERTHUS: A picture taken at the close of the Spanish civil war and of special interest because of the perfection of its composition. The setting is very much reminiscent of the work of David

The British Red Cross at Perpignan, whose vice-president is Sir John Kennedy, K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O., actively assisted by T. P. Kavanagh, Esq., and M. Robert Rémy, is doing heroic work, not only to assist materially the refugees by the distribution of clothing, etc., but when and where possible help, with others, to maintain the morale of the men who are waiting—either to enter a Spain in which they feel they can live or to embark for some foreign country, there to start life over again.

The French Government takes charge of the housing and feeding of these refugees, and the British Red Cross a great part of their clothing and bedding, together with certain necessities for hospital use. The British Government has made an allowance to the British Red Cross at Perpignan of a sum which represents nearly 9,000,000 francs. It has been possible to distribute to refugees nearly 119,000 under-garments. Some 68,000 pairs of shorts or pants have been distributed, 50,000 shirts, and 50,000 pairs of shoes. Add to this list 650 beds for camp hospitals. The figures are startling, not only as evidence of generosity, but also otherwise.

How long this painful, and often pitiable, situation lasts (for it is evident from the *macabre* exhibits at the recent arts exhibition at Le Balcarès, and the tone of some of the concerts given, that the strain of confinement is very great) will largely depend upon the situation in Spain. Amongst those who are "waiting for something to happen" only a very few decide to go back to Spain. Certain numbers have accepted the invitation of Mexico, which is disposed to welcome Spanish refugees.

The latest news (third time repeated) is that the Franco-Spanish frontier is to be opened to traders, commercial travellers, tourists, and everyone. The repetition of this news produces curious smiles on the faces of Perpignan's Catalans. So one may be pretty certain that if and when the old Perpignan-Figueras motor-bus starts its daily trips again, many, at least, will not run to catch it!

IN MODERN CATALAN STYLE: The Palais Consulaire, which was built at Perpignan during the civil war, is in white and grey sandstone and has a green-tiled roof. Though in France, Perpignan is decidedly Spanish in atmosphere and many of its buildings contribute to the illusion that one is actually in Spain

The nearest road-point to Perpignan on the Franco-Spanish frontier is Le Perthus, which is about 18 miles away. At the moment of writing there is nothing more exciting there than a crowd of special police, a new hemp rope across the road, Franco's men waiting at the bottom of the hill not more than 100 yards away, and in the window of a money-changer's office a British five-pound note which looks as

(Continued on page 460)

A NEW WATERFALL DISCOVERED IN BRITISH GUIANA

An American Explorer Makes a Spectacular Find in the Region of the Venezuelan Boundary and Names it After King George VI

NATURE IN SPECTACULAR MOOD: This magnificent waterfall has just been discovered in British Guiana by the American explorer, Dr. Paul Zahl, who has provisionally named it after King George VI. The fall lies on the Uitshi River, very near the Venezuelan border, and is certainly several times as high as Niagara. In the current issue of the *Royal Geographical Journal* Dr. Zahl comments on his discovery in the following terms: "*Leaving the Kamarang we moved up into the gorge of its tributary, the Uitshi. It was easier here. We not only looked from below, but were able to climb to the brink and make a very careful study of the fall. Fortunately the river was fairly low, at the end of a dry season. The width of the Uitshi at the brink was between 150 and 200 ft. I estimated the height of this fall in several ways. I threw large rocks over the brink into the chasm, timing their period of fall. It took on the average ten seconds for a large rock to fall from the brink into the chasm below.*" *From the rate of fall, and other observations, Dr. Zahl came to the conclusion that the height of the falls was somewhere in the region of 1,600 ft.*

On right—A TABLE MOUNTAIN IN THE NEW WORLD: Precipitous cliffs seen by Dr. Paul Zahl during exploration in the region of Mount Roraima at the junction of Venezuela, British Guiana, and Brazil

"ONE-DISH SUNDAY": Count Schwerin von Krosigk, the German Finance Minister, and his family partake of the simple meal that is prescribed for all good Germans so that the money saved shall be given to the Winter Relief Fund. Food in the Reich is reportedly growing shorter and the people are even drinking acorn coffee, just as they had to do at the end of 1918

ACORNS *to* ACORNS

At the End of the Great War Acorn Coffee Was On German Menus and Now It Reappears Again with Many Another Substitute

By H. J. GREENWALL

During the armistice time I met personally several of the men who were responsible for Germany's war-time ersatz; without exception they were university professors who had been pressed into service, or had volunteered ideas which the Government had taken up; but there was no sort of scheme to utilise these substitute products. All that has changed now. The ersatz plan is a primary and essential part of the famous Four-year Plan of which Göring is in charge; nevertheless, the stout gentleman is not himself responsible for the many amazing things which have been done in the name of ersatz.

I WAS the first British civilian to enter Berlin after the signing of the armistice, when I found the German capital, and for the matter of that the rest of Germany, living on substitutes. Since November, 1918, life in Germany has made a complete circle. I drank acorn coffee in the winter of great German discontent, and, as the clown says: "Here we are again." Acorn coffee.

Some twenty-one years ago the late Herr Louis Adlon told me that the blancmange I was eating was made from a by-product of coal. What looked like the white of egg on the top of your Berlin jelly was a by-product of fish. The wheel has turned a whole circle. But, mind you, old King Coal is still king in Germany. The German miner plugging his electric drill in the Ruhr mine is not only digging up peat for the fireside, but is also providing substitute rubber to make a product known as buna.

Here it is necessary to state that Germany has made very real progress. I remember very well when I arrived in Berlin on a cold night in November, 1918, my ears were assaulted by a dreadful noise which I traced to the iron tyres on the horse cabs and the taxis and other usually rubber-wheeled vehicles. Rubber there was none; Great Britain and the U.S.A. had it all. Now there is imitation rubber, but it is terribly expensive; real rubber can be purchased for a few pence per pound, but buna costs several shillings a pound; in fact, it is difficult to get to know the real truth as to the cost of this substitute material from the chemical laboratory.

Why, you may ask, if there is such a super-abundance of rubber in the world, does Germany go to all that trouble to make expensive artificial rubber? Were I a Nazi I would preach the creed which is that of all sufficiency to be found within Germany; that is to say, as rubber trees do not grow in Germany, Germany provides her own rubber; but being merely an investigator, I have to write the facts. The shortage of real rubber is due to the shortage of foreign currency, or *valuta*, as it is called in Germany. Germany cannot purchase so she makes what she needs, the high cost of artificial rubber being a high cost only comparatively, because the financial manipulations of Dr. Schacht made the value of the German reichsmark as relative as Einstein's theory of time.

If you walk along the main streets of Germany and look at the petrol pumps you will see they contain a motor spirit called leuna. This leuna is another effort of the Ruhr miner. Leuna is a substitute petrol obtained from German coal, and it is reported to be first-rate, but comparatively expensive, and although it is used in huge quantities that does not prevent the Government of the Reich making an economic pact with Rumania in order to obtain real petrol.

There is one curious thing I notice about this complete German circle: twenty-one years ago the Berliners were proud of their ersatz or substitute materials. I recall a war-time speech of Mr. Lloyd George, when he referred to a newspaper report concerning a new German decree ordering Germans to eat potato peel. Mr. Lloyd George said that it was this potato spirit which made him afraid.

I, as the first Englishman to see Germany in a state of utter collapse which was brought about by the British blockade, can now state what that potato spirit was. I saw German women with wizened babies in their arms picking through the dust-bins to look for potato peels. Mr. Lloyd George was afraid that this spartan spirit might have made them stick out to the last quarter of an hour which is necessary to win a war. It did not, but it might have done, and the Germans were all the more miserable because of their sufferings which availed them nothing; but they were proud, and I think rightly proud, of the clever ersatz materials their war-time ingenuity had invented. Now the wheel having turned full circle, Germans are ashamed of this word ersatz and are trying to forget it.

Ersatz has its own dictator in Germany: Major Albrecht Czimatis, an engineer in the forties. The major is responsible directly to Göring but to nobody else; in his capable hands are the manifold developments for making Germany self-supporting in many fields. In order to overcome the dislike of the German people for the word ersatz and to popularise the articles which the German people have to use or go without entirely if they refuse imitations, Major Czimatis has had to resort to Goebbels' propaganda department. Behind the campaign to make Germans eat more fish lies the idea of popularising the by-products of fish.

The meat shortage in Germany is no new thing and bears no relation to the shortage of butter or other fats. When I was a student in Germany most of the meat Germans ate came from Russia, and in those days the newspapers used to campaign for home-grown meat in order to make Germany independent of Russia. Now that the circle is completed, the shortage of meat is dire, and the Germans, never a fish-eating people, refuse to listen to a campaign which tells them how nourishing a fish diet is. The German sticks to his sausage, but for some time he has been given fish sausage.

When Fraulein Ersatz comes down to breakfast in the morning she will find that nothing on her table is really real, except the milk and the flowers. We have examined the coffee already and we know it is acorns (not at all bad). The coffee-jug is made from imitation porcelain; so is the sugar basin; the sugar itself is made from wood. There are various substitutes for flour mixed with the real flour in the bread; this being so, many people eat small biscuits for breakfast; but these biscuits are made from a

(*Continued on page* 460)

On right—
THE PROBLEM OF GERMANY'S CIVILIANS: As a sausage-eating people they are now condemned to fish, for which they have never had any great liking, and they also have to live on substitutes that are often unpalatable

AFTER THE COMPROMISE IN THE PROMISED LAND

Haifa, the Immigrant Port, and the Smuggling Racket : A 24-Hour Curfew Imposed in Jerusalem in the Interests of Order

WHEN NIGHT FALLS ON HAIFA the town and harbour look wonderfully impressive from the slopes of Mount Carmel and, so animated is the scene, it is difficult to believe that this is the gateway to a land of bitter discontent. While hosts of immigrants pour into Haifa from Europe, having been admitted under the terms of the quota, hundreds of others are attempting to get into the country illegally, and on many a dark night they slip over the sides of steamers and sailing boats and attempt to land on lonely stretches of the Palestinian coast. Over 1,000 illegal entries are known to have been made in the course of last month

ALL WAS QUIET IN JERUSALEM: Two pictures taken during the 24-hour curfew which was imposed in the city shortly after the publication of Britain's plans for the future of the country. *Left*—Arab citizens getting their water supply from a street well at the start of the curfew. They had to take enough to last them the whole twenty-four hours during which the streets were deserted. The little girl (*on right*) strayed from home, however, and fell into the arms of one of the pickets of police and soldiery. Following the partial lifting of the curfew the Jews became unwontedly violent, and there were numerous Arab casualties

THE LAST OF ROSHERVILLE GARDENS

The Passing of a Famous Haunt of Londoners

WHERE FASHION STROLLED: An old print of Rosherville Gardens, Gravesend, which during Victorian days enjoyed such popularity with Londoners who visited the place to walk and talk in the pleasure grounds, admire each other's clothes, watch the fireworks, and take dinner in the Rosherville Hotel. To-day the whole site is being levelled, the tall trees are being cut down, and a factory will soon be rising on this spot belonging essentially to the days of leisure and privilege

A THEATRE IN A CHALK PIT: An early photographic impression of one of the attractions of Rosherville Gardens, which are now disappearing in the interests of industrial development

ROSHERVILLE Gardens, so well known and popular in Victorian days, have long been forgotten by the average Londoner. Yet as recently as the end of last summer it was possible to walk in these once famous gardens which, though deserted, neglected and overgrown, retained something of the glamorous mystery of lost glory. The great trees still towered above one, the tangled paths led to stone steps, statues stood among the greenery, and classic temples, in various stages of decay, brought memories of the vanished splendour.

But to-day nothing is left of Rosherville Gardens except the site on which contractors' huts, barrows, picks and shovels are to be seen. The tall trees have been cut down, many are lying prone, the mysterious shady paths are no more, all is being levelled. Just one little columned arbour clung to the great chalk cliff in pathetic reminder of what it had once been a part. Not the most vivid imagination will be able in a very few weeks to recall anything of Rosherville Gardens when the new factory rises on what one exuberant writer once called "The garden of all gardens in the world."

ROSHERVILLE TO-DAY: *Left*—Levelling operations are in an advanced stage, and the once-famous gardens are now robbed of all the glory they enjoyed in the Victorian age. *Right*—The broken pedestal of a statue, mute reminder of the magnificence of the gardens in the last century, when fashionable London flocked there in search of pleasure

The visitors having landed at the pier, either proceeded to the Rosherville Hotel, celebrated for the excellence of its dinners, or took tea and shrimps in the gardens. Apart from the beauty of the gardens, there was much to entertain—a maze; a bear-pit; monkeys; tropical birds—and in the evenings illuminations and fireworks. The Victorian gentlemen in their loud check suits and small billy cock hats, and the ladies in their spreading crinolines, or of the later Tissot period of bustle and elegant striped silk, wandered about the gardens, listening to the band, or sat in the many temples watching the crowd pass by and the shadows creeping across the grassy lawns.

Cement factories are now surrounding the former pleasure village, and visitors can no longer land at the steps below the hotel, which stands gaunt and desolate, holding no prospect of a Victorian dinner. Rosherville has followed the Vauxhall Gardens, and the Cremorne Gardens at Battersea, and is now only a memory, associated with the crinoline, the fringed parasol, the satin bootees, and the tight prim little bouquet.

B. H.

Rosherville Gardens were part of the pleasure village built by a Mr. Jeremiah Rosher on the chalk cliffs in the parish of Northfleet, where it adjoins the town of Gravesend, to which it was connected by the Clifton Marine Parade. All the descriptive guides to London and its surroundings of about 1850 are full of the delights of Rosherville and its gardens, then in the height of its popularity. For Rosherville was Victorian from beginning to end—starting soon after the accession of Queen Victoria and fading out with her death in 1900.

Steamboats took passengers from London Bridge wharf, charging 1s. a head for the two hours' trip, "fine boats, containing every convenience, being in fact floating taverns." These boats carried the passengers to the pier specially erected at Rosherville in 1840.

Drawings by Percy Home

THE ONCE MAGNIFICENT WATERFRONT: It was at this pier, now sadly dilapidated, that the steamboats from London used to disgorge their passengers who came down to Rosherville to pass the afternoon. The trip of two hours from London Bridge cost 1s. a head in Victorian days. *On right*—Perched in splendid isolation against the white cliffs this miniature temple was still standing last week, but by now the pick has probably taken toll

WHITE SAILS ON GLEAMING WATERS

A charming summer scene on Windermere showing yachts rounding a buoy in the course of a keenly contested race. In the distance are Langdale Pikes

A LEAFY SOLITUDE

This beautiful river scene, with great trees growing at the very water's edge, would inevitably lose half its charm if invaded by visitors. Cumberland readers will know where it is

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "THETIS":

The Unsuccessful Race Against Time to Raise Her from the Depths of Liverpool Bay

WHEN HOPES RAN HIGH: The rudder of the submarine *Thetis* jutting above the water after she had made her ill-fated dive in Liverpool Bay. The rudder and other parts of the stern were visible for about six hours, and it was at first thought that there was every chance of bringing those on board to safety. Difficulty after difficulty arose, however, and by last Sunday morning all hope was abandoned of saving more men

On left— WORKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: This picture shows a motor boat and a rowing boat near the buoy marking the spot where the *Thetis* sank. At this juncture it was hoped that more men would come to the surface by means of the Davis escape apparatus and a constant look-out was, of course, maintained

THE BID THAT FAILED: Warships, which had raced to Liverpool Bay from the south, and salvage craft surrounding the submarine *Thetis*, all of which was submerged except a small portion of the stern. By this time four escapes had been made, and it was widely thought that plates would be removed from the exposed stern and that the whole crew would be brought to safety. It later transpired that the tide impeded operations, making conditions particularly difficult for the divers. At the time of the disaster the *Thetis* was running her trials before being taken over by the Admiralty. Officials of Cammell Laird brought the number on board to over 100, of whom 99 perished

On right—
THE "VIGILANT" STANDS BY: One of the salvage vessels pictured beside the jutting out stern of the *Thetis*. The speed of the current made operations extraordinarily difficult and in the end it proved quite impossible to raise the submarine sufficiently out of the water to put the oxy-acetylene cutting apparatus to work at a suitable point

THE SCHOOLMASTER MEETS HIS BRIDE-TO-BE: Robert Donat as Mr. Chips and Greer Garson as the future Mrs. Chips in the film version of James Hilton's best-selling novel, *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, which was given its gala première this week at the Empire Cinema, Leicester Square. Talented Robert Donat undoubtedly has the most difficult part of his career, having to depict the central character in the story from early manhood to extreme old age

MR. CHIPS BRINGS HIS BRIDE TO BROOKFIELD and the boys are at once captivated by her charm. Brilliant Greer Garson with Robert Donat in another episode from the film *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*—one of the most eagerly awaited pictures of the year. The King and Queen were among the first to see the film as it was shown at the reception given by Mr. Joseph Kennedy at the American Embassy in London on the eve of Their Majesties' departure for Canada

"GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS"

Scenes from the New Donat Picture

THE MASTERS ARE WON OVER: They had always thought of Mr. Chips as a confirmed bachelor and were distinctly surprised when they heard he was returning for the new term with a wife by his side. Surprise turns to pleasure when they meet her, however, and she charms them by her natural grace during tea in the masters' common room. Film experts are hoping great things from Greer Garson's performance as the heroine

On Stage and Screen

STRONG MEAT

IF Welsh mining villages are as interesting as the plays written about them I must spend my next holiday making a tour of such places. Since the doubt is considerable, it would probably, on second thoughts, be wiser to make holiday elsewhere. These plays, however, are certainly remarkable. *The Corn is Green* has a flavour all its own, and is still playing to full houses after a run of many months. *Rhondda Roundabout*, the flavour of which is a good deal stronger, is as near a masterpiece as anything I have seen for a long, long time. I do not make theatrical prophecies, but if merit counts this play should still be at the Globe this time next year.

The author, Mr. Jack Jones (not the M.P.), writes, as does Mr. Emlyn Williams, of a district and of a people he knows well. But in such matters knowledge is not enough. Mr. Jones has dramatic intuition, can put on the stage those people of his knowledge, and can write with a tense simplicity which can give an apparently ordinary phrase extraordinary power at the right moment. And he can season the whole with homely humour. There is, I believe, no exact Welsh equivalent to the Irish Players, no Abbey Theatre, Aberystwyth, as it were; but there should be, and Mr. Jones should be one of its protagonists.

He is not the compleat dramatist as yet; his method is to chop his play up into small scenes innumerable, and his chopping is not always effective, nor are all of the scenes. Moreover, his last act instead of being his strongest, as it should be, is his weakest. But he is obviously the stuff of which compleat, and even great, dramatists are made. For this first play—as I believe it to be—promising is indeed a mild word.

It should have a better title. *Rhondda Roundabout* suggests the dingier type of revue. A bright young glamour girl asked me seriously in the first interval when the dancing was going to start, being under the impression that the Rhondda was a sort of cousin to the Rumba. But Mr. Jones's work is, of course, not for such.

For a time one is under the impression that behind the drama a rather obvious lesson is being preached—that the distress and unemployment in this once prosperous Welsh valley is such that, as a rather prominent personage once remarked, "something ought to be done about it." That may well be so; but there is a more subtle theme—the pluck of these people in their drab misery and their determination to see it through "until," as one of them says, "the bell rings." Short of mass-suicide I do not see how they could very well do anything else. Still, the author shows them to be splendidly plucky and I have not the least doubt that they are.

This point is, too, necessary for the explanation of another part of his theme and of one otherwise inexplicable character—that of a shell-shocked English officer who (when he was not soothing the approaching maternal worries of a pretty village maiden who was a maiden no longer owing to the advances of a young man about whom she knew nothing beyond the fact that his name was Charlie) stood on a hill-top and talked a lot and drank a lot of whisky out of the bottle. A Welsh friend of mine for whose judgment and sense of accuracy I have the most profound admiration, assures me that that bit of scenery was authentic and indubitably Welsh. To which I am able to add on my own authority that that whisky bottle was also authentic and indubitably Scotch. The poor officer eventually committed suicide, not having the guts to endure his troubles, and if he was popped in the play to show the superiority of Welsh guts to English guts—well, it's a good play, so why worry?

The plot is, as I have indicated, a combination of plotlets. There are the aforesaid girl and the officer—this a difficult part tackled with skill by Mr. Raymond Huntley—and the aggressive but good-hearted young boxer who loves her, played by Mr. Charles Williams, aged twenty, of Newport, who began his career as a journalist but seems, most wisely, to have thought better of it. Mr. Mervyn Johns gives a fine performance as the unemployed middle-aged miner who is everybody's friend, and Miss Dilys Davies, who plays his wife, is in private life the wife of a doctor at Blaengwynfi, and an Eisteddfod champion.

A great person, also, at Eisteddfods is Mr. Tom Jones of Pontypridd, who has actually conducted them. He takes the part of a grief-stricken old conductor and shows himself to be a sincere and sympathetic actor. There is no chance to judge his merits as a conductor, for he does his conducting off-stage; but I wish the author would not make him and others talk of "The Messiah" and "The Elijah." Handel wrote an oratorio called "Messiah" and Mendelssohn wrote an oratorio called "Elijah" and that is all there is to it.

Miss Mary Jones, excellent as an anxious mother, is the wife of a mine-worker at Dinas, in the Rhondda Valley itself. Mr. Trevor Duggan, who makes a hit in a small part, is an unemployed miner from Mardy. A miner, too, from the Blaencwm Pit (try pronouncing it) is Mr. Prysor Williams, and Mr. G. D. Phillips, another good actor, was a deputy checkweigher at Fernhill Colliery. All of which goes a long way to account for the essential Welshness of that little bit of Shaftesbury Avenue just now, and for the true flavour in the play of the street meetings, the Communist chatterings and the ghastly aftermath of the pit explosion.

But not all the cast are amateurs. The best performance of all I thought that of Mr. Julien Mitchell as a vulgar, bibulous bookmaker, purse-proud but extraordinarily kind-hearted. A few weeks ago Mr. Mitchell was equally brilliant as a Shavian vulgarian in a revival of *Candida* at the Westminster.

FROM WALES

"Rhondda Roundabout," a Brilliant Cross-section of Life in a Mining Valley—Welsh Amateurs Lend Local Colour to a Brilliant First Play

By PHILIP PAGE

"Only Yesterday."—Mr. Adrian Brunel's play at the Playhouse, *Only Yesterday*, is yesterdayish only in the sense that it deals with events of twenty years or so ago. The thinking is as modern and as vigorous as anyone could wish it to be and I found nothing but enjoyment in this quiet and subtle play about real people saying sensible and interesting things.

It is true that action is lacking and that the author (probably deliberately, for his intelligence is obvious and he has taste and discrimination to match it) has overlooked the academic maxim for play-writing—that everything should be just a little larger than life. This I found is a relief in these days when too much is usually happening and every other play is a thriller or a crime-story, packed with incident and plots and counter-plots and surprise twists and the rest of it to such a degree that one's brain is blithered with it all. In this case the slight under-statement throughout was the more welcome since a night or two before I had been to a play in which I had endured enough over-statement from its leading lady to last me for some years.

Only Yesterday is a play about the great war. Not a war play in the sense that *Journey's End* was, for the war is merely discussed in a baronet's comfortable library in Westminster. But members of his family and his household take an active part in it. His son is killed; his chauffeur enlists, does brilliantly and becomes a much-decorated major; he himself does his middle-aged bit as a special constable. A friend of the family, a German, turns up after the armistice and talks matters over *senza rancor*. The main complication is a domestic one, for the daughter of the house becomes engaged to the ex-chauffeur major. That point is, naturally, discussed (and discussed naturally) for the father digs his heels in a bit at first.

There is much that is deeply convincing in Mr. Brunel's clever play and not a moment of tedium. It is immaculately acted by Mr. H. G. Stoker and Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the baronet and his wife. Miss Dorothy Hyson showed hitherto unrevealed (but not, at any rate by me, unsuspected) brilliance as the outspoken young daughter; at a slightly earlier period this daughter would have been a suffragette, if one can associate with pretty Miss Hyson so frumpish a word. Mr. Townshend Witling invested the small part of a butler with real personality.

"The Mikado."—Possibly a sojourn in America and life for a week on the ocean wave have put new vigour into the always excellent D'Oyly Carte company, for the performance of *The Mikado* with which they opened their season at Sadler's Wells went with a swing. There is, by the way, a "swing" *Mikado* in New York just now, but that is another matter and one with which I pray I may never have to be concerned.

As for the pace at which some of the music was taken, this was, if not swingish, not at all in the accepted style. The opening chorus made the "Gentlemen of Japan" rather breathless, so swiftly was it rushed through. I have heard this opera a score of times over more than a score of years and never, never—not even hardly ever—have I known "Taken from a County Gaol" taken far away from its traditional *tempo* and gabbled at breathless speed like a lightning patter song. These vagaries are dead against Gilbert and Sullivan tradition and here tradition is vastly important. I can see no excuse for them.

Apart from this serious defect the performance was a good one. Mr. Martyn Green's antics as Ko-Ko were always amusing, and he did not overdo them. Mr. Darrell Fancourt's Mikado is a real study in burlesque diabolism, and the Nanki-Poo (Mr. John Dudley) sang most agreeably. Miss Evelyn Gardiner was an admirable Katisha, but I fear I always find Gilbert's elderly spinsters tedious. Katisha, as a bore, is the King Mark of light opera.

"Hamlet" at the Lyceum.—The L.C.C. have permitted the necessary days of grace at the Lyceum to enable H. M. Tennent, Ltd., to present John Gielgud's production of *Hamlet* before the theatre is closed for demolition. There will be six performances, beginning on Wednesday evening, June 28, and continuing each evening until Saturday, July 1, with matinee performances on the Thursday and Saturday. The decor will be be Motley, and the music has been arranged by Herbert Menges. Seats will be at popular prices, ranging from 1s. to 10s. 6d.

The cast includes: Hamlet (John Gielgud), Ophelia (Fay Compton), Gertrude (Laura Cowie), Claudius and the Ghost (Jack Hawkins), Polonius (George Howe), Horatio (Glen Byam Shaw), Player King and Osric (Marius Goring).

"Fay Compton played Ophelia to the Hamlet of John Barrymore at the Haymarket in 1925, and in 1926 to the Hamlet of Russell Thorndike at the Lyceum," writes a columnist in *The Stage*. She acted the part at the Haymarket again in 1931 to the Hamlet of Godfrey Tearle. Her great-aunt, Isabel Bateman, was the Ophelia at the Lyceum with Henry Irving on his first appearance in the part in London on October 31, 1874.

THE STRIPLING AND THE VETERAN: Robert Donat's feat in playing the part of Mr. Chips at different ages is quite one of the most remarkable features of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. It placed an immense strain on the actor, and many will marvel particularly at the way in which he comports himself as a very old man in the closing episodes of the picture. Since *The Citadel*, Donat has gained a great following in America and this film should further enhance his reputation

THE NEW BOY COMES TO TEA: Mr. Chips entertains a youngster from Brookfield. The part of the boy is played by Terry Kilburn

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE: Mr. Chips has retired from Brookfield after many years of faithful service, but the masters still come across to see him in his lodgings and to seek his advice on various matters connected with the running of the school

NEARING THE END: Mr. Chips and his housekeeper (Louise Hampton) who looks after him in the years following the death of Mrs. Chips. The last moments of the picture are full of poignancy and Miss Hampton's brilliantly intelligent and sympathetic acting proves an admirable support for Mr. Donat in his exacting role. This is the third big film made in England by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MODERN POLISH ART

An Important Exhibition at New Burlington Gallery : A Rowlandson Collection in Bond Street : Ralston Gudgeon's Studies in Bird Life

VITALITY FROM EASTERN EUROPE: *Above*—"Boxers" by Jadwiga Uminska—a lively commentary upon contemporary sport—and (*right*) "The Yard" by Irena Wilczynska are two outstanding pictures in the Exhibition of Polish Art which is now being held at the New Burlington Gallery and is attracting a deserved share of attention. "Competence with a propensity towards stylisation is undoubtedly the most obvious characteristic of the present-day Polish artist," writes our critic, "and to a large extent this stylisation may be traced back to the old Polish folk-craft of wood engraving." The exhibition will remain open until Saturday, June 17

"THE OWL": One of the bird paintings by Ralston Gudgeon, R.S.W., in the exhibition he is now holding at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. The artist does not sacrifice effect to the demands of studied exactitude

THE restless and turgid spirit so prevalent in modern Europe reveals itself with startling candour in the exhibition of Polish art which is now showing at the New Burlington Gallery.

The most obvious characteristic of the Polish artist is competence with a propensity towards stylisation, the origin of which can be traced to the old Polish folk-craft of wood engraving. There is an insistence upon contrasts and solid constructional form noticeable in practically all the works whether paintings or woodcuts—the revived interest in the latter subject was fostered by the late Professor Skoczylas of the Warsaw Academy of Fine Arts, which in consequence now possesses the best graphic section of all European art schools.

All the exhibitors are members of the Blok, an association of artists formed in Poland by Professor Tadeusz Pruszkowski for the encouragement of individualism in art, but also to base endeavour on the sound foundation of a technical knowledge and true artisanship.

This is a return to the tradition of the middle ages—and some of the results are undoubtedly closely allied to the works of the old masters.

Jan Zamoyski's "The Nurse" is an extraordinarily interesting work. The fine detail of the hands in particular reproduce the delicate modelling to be found in some of the fifteenth-century paintings; and the grotesque conception of Jan Gotard's "Cinderella" is strikingly similar to the accurate draughtsmanship and weird inspiration that can be seen in the works of the elder Breughel.

"The Yard," by Irena Wilczynska, might quite easily be the work of a century ago. There is a pleasing simplicity about it that defies the march of time, whilst "The Boxers," by Jadwiga Uminska, is a lively commentary of sport in a modern setting.

The drawings of Thomas Rowlandson always find an appreciative audience, and Frank Sabin at 154, New Bond Street, has an extremely interesting collection of these delightful water-colours with their familiar brown outlines. Altogether, there are 105 specimens in this exhibition.

A few doors farther up Bond Street the Fine Art Society are showing some bird and animal paintings by Ralston Gudgeon, R.S.W., and some of them are very fine indeed.

Mr. Gudgeon uses water-colours on a dark paper with considerable skill, and unlike many painters of birds, he does not work from a stuffed or lifeless model, but observes and records the fleeting action of his subjects rather than a studied exactitude in their feather formation, and the result is full of life.

I. B.

"THE JOCKEY INN": A village scene in the exhibition of Rowlandson water-colours which Frank Sabin is holding at 154, New Bond Street. It is doubtful if there will ever be a shrewder observer of English life than Rowlandson and his super-abundant vitality and fertility of imagination have magnificently conjured up the Georgian era in which he lived

"THE WISE WOMAN": An imaginative portrait study by Jan Gotard in the Exhibition of Polish Art at the New Burlington Gallery. All the exhibitors are members of the "Blok"—an association of artists formed in Poland with the object of encouraging individualism in art

THE ART OF DRIAN

"DEVANT LE MIROIR": This Drian portrait of a girl in a blue plaid crinoline is a fine example of what can be done effectively by working with three different coloured chalks on a coloured background

"GUITAR": There is a notable vitality about this picture by Drian who includes it in his exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. Drian over and above all specialises in feminine types

A Brilliant Portrayer of Feminine Types

DRIAN'S exhibition at Walker's Galleries is a charming and delightful excursion into the realms of portraiture, depicting womanhood at its most attractive.

With a clear determination, and an elimination of unnecessary detail, Drian has successfully recaptured the fleeting poses and distinctive characteristics of all that is truly feminine and graceful in the modern model. His chalk work is truly commendable, and curiously enough has a liquid finish which is both unusual and unexpected in this singularly dry medium. The effect is really quite delightful.

The girl in the blue plaid crinoline seated in front of a mirror is a wonderful example of what can be done effectively and decoratively with three coloured chalks on a coloured paper, and there is a real brilliance that defies criticism in his forceful black-and-white work carried out on a coloured background.

Drian's popularity and fame are founded on the evident beauty and accomplishment of his work, and differing in this respect from other contemporary French artists, he does not rely on the tribute of an anarchic and revolutionary public, quick to applaud that which they find impossible to comprehend, but he appeals immediately to the mind that can find much that is attractive and satisfying in a realism that is neither photographic nor too exaggerated.

The drawings on black paper which give an unexpected brilliance are to be seen in the "Girl in a Red Dress"—fan in hand, and the charming swirling gown of the girl in the multi-coloured stripes. The artist, also, has an undoubted capacity for filling his space with a balanced and satisfying collection of sketches, which on the whole make a delightful composition. This is certainly an exhibition that should not be missed.

Iris Brooke

On right—**HOURS OF EASE:** Another charmingly expressive example of the art of Drian in his one-man-show at Walker's

On left—**"LA LOGE":** Here again Drian reveals his consummate artistry in depicting the feminine

HEARD AND NOT SEEN: Three of the silver-tongued announcers of the British Broadcasting Corporation; men whose speaking voices are the envy of every radio company in the world. *Left*—Mr. David Lloyd James, the youngest of the home announcers. He is twenty-four and was educated at Haileybury and Cambridge. *Centre*—Mr. F. Phillips, chief assistant to Mr. King Bull. *Right*—Mr. Robert MacDermot who first announced at Broadcasting House in 1934

MODERN TOWN CRIERS

The Task of the B.B.C.'s Band of Silver-tongued Announcers

By NOEL THOMPSON

ARMED with a voice which, on the occasions when I have broadcast, has so far blasted no microphones and shattered no ear-drums; and an accent most noticeable by its absence, I felt as I passed into the dignified shade of Broadcasting House that possibly I had missed my vocation. I should have become an announcer.

Two hours later as I passed out of the same dignified shade into Portland Place, still armed with the same assets, I knew that there was much more in announcing than meets the ear and that my two talents would have to be greatly developed before I could be considered a good and faithful servant of the B.B.C.

Not that I seriously thought of joining the élite, because I have too much admiration for them, and finding them mortal might induce the contempt bred of familiarity, and where would be my pleasure in listening to those cool, aloof tones then?

It is true that our announcers are the envy of every radio company in the world—and that includes America. And in this country mistakes or criticisms are sufficiently rare to make headline news, which is itself an inverted compliment.

Bearing in mind that I am writing about announcers (and not compères or commentators, who are always named), follow me to the fourth floor, to the sanctum of the "headmaster" and managing director of the heard-but-never-seen brigade.

Mr. King Bull is dark, slim, quick, humorous, and friendly. All the home announcers and the Regional and Empire announcers are trained under him in his position as announcement editor. He is responsible for their professional education in general, including microphone technique, while Professor Lloyd James looks after their English.

"What are the qualifications of an announcer, and how long does it take to become one?" I asked, as an opening. I received the most succinct and illuminating dissertation which I cannot do better than reproduce almost verbatim.

Said Mr. King Bull: "Remember that announcing is now a regular profession, one of the newest professions. It is a highly specialised form of journalism and, like journalism, it must be learned. That is why my department was started four or five years ago. A golden voice by itself is no use. Announcing is not a matter of performance only. It is, perhaps, 50 per cent. a matter of a good, trained, thinking mind; 30 per cent. preparation of programme and material; 20 per cent. performance."

The perfect announcer has not yet been born. Apart from his voice he must have a complete understanding of everyone and everything, and no one man can have that.

Later I will show you how the average B.B.C. announcer has, in fact, wider knowledge of the world than three normal men put together.

Well, the new man will have at least six months on probation. This is the minimum for finding out his suitability. Subsequently he will go to the B.B.C. Training School for general training, and he will learn about the working of the other departments of the corporation, which is most important; meanwhile, Professor Lloyd James and Mr. King Bull look after the announcing side.

He will be tested with old programmes to find out which type he is best suited for. I imagined that announcers had a sort of rota and did any kind of programme. This is completely wrong. In the course of training and experience it will become evident with which kind of programme they are most happy.

Announcers learn to deal appropriately with any programme, but in time they somehow grade themselves: one is suitable for chamber music or variety, another for the news, a third one may be at his best in plays. Something in their voice and their mental make-up or interest in their subject comes out through the microphone; their inflection or delivery fits into their particular subjects. I am assured this is very true, and now, listening carefully, I can detect it.

Starting with simple announcements of, say, an outside broadcast, the learner works up. In about two years he may pass the efficiency bar. This is not an examination and has no hard and fast rules. It means that, like Kipling's ship, he has "found himself." I cannot think of a better example than learning to swim or to cycle. You suddenly find you can.

Meanwhile, the announcer has learned how to prepare his material. Through Mr. King Bull's central office he finds much of the material about the music or the artistes. He discusses how it should be treated, and then sits down to outline and polish up exactly what he is going to say.

While I was in the announcers' room—light, airy, and, of course, with a wireless set in the corner—one man hurried in to see if any of his colleagues could help as to which tune came out of which of Fred Astaire's films, and whether we could remember any outstanding points in those films. They (and I, slightly) could.

An announcer could make an excellent compère, but does not because it's not his business, a point the public rarely realises. He merely represents the B.B.C. But once he is on duty he becomes, to use a phrase of one of them, a glorified station-master. He has to see that everything goes off to time, to the very quarter-minute. He is completely in charge of the programme.

Of course, the nightmare is ever present of something going wrong at the last minute. Supposing the star artiste arrives with a husky throat? Does she want it explained or not, and how should the explanation be phrased? Or the orchestra leader finds that the orchestral parts have not arrived. Who is to blame, the publishers, the Post Office, messengers, or are they just mislaid? You have got 20 secs. to decide what to say to make it clear and soothe the listeners and not libel or embarrass anyone.

David Lloyd James, who happened to be on duty that morning, gave me an example. He was to announce a talk on Turkish cookery. At the last moment it looked as though the speaker would be unable to be present, and he would have to read the script. Now while he is a linguist, Turkish is not his speciality and there were a lot of Turkish words and names. What would you have done? He hurried to a telephone to ask the speaker for a phonetic rendering. To his relief he heard that after all the speaker was on his way.

Lloyd James is the youngest of the home announcers—the average age is in the early thirties. He is twenty-four, spectacled, was at Haileybury, and when at Cambridge, at Trinity, won the Reading Prize. His hobbies are collecting books, bird watching, and, when possible, living in Provence, which he considers the loveliest part of France.

I have begun, of course, at the wrong end in the seniority scale of announcers, for the youthful veteran is Stuart Hibberd, now in his fifteenth year of announcing, and chief announcer.

As I cannot reveal when or in what programme you will hear the various announcers, I am going to give you thumbnail sketches of some of them. I think if you study carefully enough their records and hobbies you may be able to pick out their voices. But notice, as I mentioned earlier, the remarkable variety of interests and experience.

Stuart Hibberd joined the B.B.C. on its second birthday. Slim, fair-haired, blue-eyed, he was at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was a choral exhibitioner—hence knowledge of phrasing and breathing, which is so noticeable. Fought in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia and on the North-west

(*Continued on page* 460)

EXPERIENCE BEHIND THE MIKE: *Left*—Mr. Duncan Grinnell-Milne, who has been airman, art dealer, journalist, and a host of other things in his varied career, is another of the B.B.C.'s announcers. *Right*—Mr. Stuart Hibberd, who joined the B.B.C. on its second birthday and is now the senior announcer

On left—THE ANNOUNCERS' ROOM AT BROADCASTING HOUSE: Seated at the end of the room are Miss Kelly and Miss O'Collier, while at the table are Mr. L. Masson, Mr. Stuart Hibberd, and Mr. Grinnell-Milne

MILITARY

TO ACCUSTOM THE HORSES TO THE STRAINS OF MARTIAL MUSIC in readiness for the Trooping of the Colour, grooms from the Royal Mews went in front of the Guards Band on the Horse Guards Parade. The Trooping of the Colour took place on Thursday of this week and it was arranged that in the absence of King George the salute should be taken by Major-General the Duke of Gloucester

On right—
WITH THE CALLING UP OF 200,000 MILITIAMEN large numbers of regulars have been transferred from barracks to canvas, but even so there is insufficient accommodation and army engineers and Government contractors are now busily engaged in setting up hutments in various parts of the country. This picture was taken at Ewshot, near Aldershot, and shows some of the hutments in varying stages of construction

THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH THE ROYAL SCOTS: H.R.H. inspecting the guard of honour on arrival at Aldershot to present medals to members of the 1st battalion of the regiment on its return from an arduous spell of active service in Palestine. The Princess Royal has been Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment since 1918. *On right—* Cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, engaged in mapping operations

Vindication of Encirclement: *Here it is in a form that nobody could resent, and certainly it is triumphantly successful. Paquin takes a dark silk printed with overlapping circles and makes it into a youthful wide-skirted frock with a high frilled waistline*

BEST SELLERS

Just Printed—but they are the big Successes of the Mid-Season Collections

FEW things are more shattering than mistakes in prints. This summer choose well-defined patterns, clear and bright, or small and neatly formalised. Among the best of the bunch are lilac prints for garden party and evening dresses, lace-patterned prints for day frocks, hot-looking flower prints closely massed, and cool geometrical or diced designs. Most exciting are Schiaparelli's musical instrument prints and Molyneux's maps

Curling Plumes: *One of the loveliest prints in all Paris is used by Lanvin for this picture frock of stiff faille. White plumes curl against a gunmetal ground, the design filled in on the skirt and bodice with coral-coloured embroidery. Dark grey for the evening is new and distinguished.*

Marine Motifs: *Throughout the whole of his collection Lelong is influenced by the colour and movement of the sea. On the left is one of his evening frocks, the skirt finely pleated and bordered with seaweed and shells and the bodice lapped by gentle waves. The handbag is a huge shell*

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

Pictures With a Mainly Feminine Angle

Mrs. Fred Astaire, wife of the popular dancer, pictured wearing a smart hat fashion at the christening in the crypt of the House of Commons of the baby son of Mr. Henry Hunloke, M.P.

FASHION GOES VEILED

The Duchess of Kent wearing a black straw hat and hair-net veil during her visit on prize-giving day to the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys. The institution is at Bushey, Hertfordshire

ESSENCE OF CHIC: Meet Madame Daver, wife of the Editor of *Cumhuriyet*, and Madame Belge, wife of the Turkish Director of Press, who attended the reception at the Turkish Embassy in honour of Turkish journalists visiting London. The modern Turkish woman has a wonderful dress sense

HOME WITH A MIXED CARGO: When Captain R. Parker, of the Imperial Airways flying boat *Calypso*, landed on Southampton Water last week he brought to England thirteen-month-old Christine Johnson, the daughter of an official of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Christine had a good cry when she touched terra firma. The Captain also brought a fine model of a trading dhow. *On left*—THESE SIX ARE IN LUCK: They have won the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contest in which they had to write an essay describing "Why I should like to visit France—the country of Marie Antoinette." As a result they have been sent to France for a month's holiday

A TIME-MELLOWED TEMPLE OF CEYLON: The façade of the Lankatilika, or "Jewel of Ceylon" temple at Polonnaruwa, one of the so-called "Lost Cities" which Lord Holden discusses at some length in his new book, *Ceylon* (George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.). The Lankatilika was originally built by King Parakramabahu in the twelfth century and was restored in 1275 after a Tamil invasion by Wijabahu IV. It is a wonderfully imposing structure, showing traces of Dravidian influence, and is supposed by devout Ceylonese to have been built on the model approved by the Buddha himself. Structurally, it is typical of these Ceylon temples, being built of brick with an outer covering of cement. The Buddha is also of brick

The World of Books

SHEEAN THE TROUBLE HUNTER

Another Foreign Correspondent Gives His Views on History in the Making

By VERNON FANE

MR. VINCENT SHEEAN deserves a genuflection as one of the first of the American correspondents in Europe to make a book out of his experiences. *In Search of History* was an immediate success when it burst upon a world ripe for astonishment, not only that such things could be, but that there were impressionable young men trailing trouble with sensitive pens. There were plenty of foreign correspondents; there has been plenty of trouble; there have been a number of books.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Sheean's latest record of trouble hunting. He found most of it in Spain, on and about the Ebro; but there is also Prague during what is known as "the crisis"; the Judengasse in Vienna after the German occupation; a visit to Berlin after the pogrom of November 10–12. What he saw has since become history; what he records is the news behind the news, and always with a pen heavily weighted with prejudice against what we are pleased to call the aggressor powers. There is also the little matter of Munich. We feel that Mr. Sheean takes a gloomy view of the apostles of appeasement.

The peripatetic reporter commands our interest, our respect, and even our admiration when he can make us catch our breath with vivid descriptions of scenes in which men are living miserably or dying terribly. He makes us sit up and take a lot of particular notice when he applies the same method to our own mode of living and pounds with the same vivid prose the pavements of our own home town. When, for instance, he flings a hypothetical question about the Ebro at a white-haired woman looking into Selfridge's window. "She would probably call the police," he surmises. "There she stands, protected by the Ebro, on an isle in the Ebro, no less, while the guns thunder on all sides of her and the upper air is filled with the moaning of shells. She is very tidily dressed in grey, with brown shoes and a fur, and there is a wing of a brown bird in her hat. Presently she will go in and look at cretonne curtains and buy none, but on further thought may go up to the third floor and poke about among the toys to see if she can't find something for Sarah's little boy, who will be five in a week or two. He is fond of all sorts of mechanical gadgets, particularly aeroplanes."

Mr. Sheean's point is that the old lady would not probably agree with him that the Ebro was a river flowing down Oxford Street, which leaves us with the conviction that he knows more about ideological frontiers than about the habits of middle-aged women shoppers. On a 13 bus ride from Maida Vale ("it reminded me of Chicago") to London Bridge, he finds plenty of cross-sections of English life, somehow (and perhaps wisely) missing Lord's, pausing in Trafalgar Square to recall that Bernard Shaw "had written a letter to *The Times* inquiring where the British Navy would be now were it not for a 'one-armed little adulterer.' This candid, innocent question aroused the fury of all the bishops, generals, and admirals in England, who wrote with sputtering pens to *The Times* in consequence. Shaw's curiosity was pricked by such a show of anger; he investigated the matter. He asked if it was denied that Nelson was one-armed, and the answer was no. He asked if it was denied that he was an adulterer, and the answer was again (reluctantly) no. He then inquired if the trouble arose over the harmless word 'little,' and the answer was yes. The bishops, generals, and admirals were willing to admit that Nelson was short, but they did not like anybody to describe him as 'little.'"

He leans over London Bridge, looking at the river. "The Ebro and Prague are far away; nobody has thought of them in these crowded streets. . . . When I left London Bridge I gave it a good test with both feet. It still seemed solid."

Let us not be like the old lady. Mr. Sheean took that ride on a 13 bus in order to tell us about ourselves and what we ought to be doing and thinking, instead of doing what we do and not thinking as he does. Let us accept the Awful Warning in the spirit in which it is written: but let us also reserve the right to call a policeman.

Byron was an enchanting, callous, indiscreet, witty, brutal, and inspired letter writer. He corresponded a great deal, as did most men of his time, and we have many invaluable records of his letters. But what of his correspondents, and what, in particular, of that impressive proportion of them who were women in love, or women who wanted to be in love?

Several of his love affairs, and at least one of his friendships with a woman started by a letter, from a fair but unknown admirer who had found encouragement in the passion of his poetry and hoped for a greater intimacy than could be achieved by pen and paper. The wonder has always been that Byron was so susceptible to these appeals, for in many cases he responded to them and arranged meetings with women about whom he could know nothing beyond their handwriting and their temperamental inclinations.

TO LORD BYRON (John Murray. 12s. 6d.) is, in this connection, a book of the utmost interest, since it has been based on a collection of unpublished letters which were preserved by Byron himself. These letters have been chosen and edited by Mr. Peter Quennell and the late "George Paston" and are arranged to illustrate, as it were, more than twelve feminine profiles.

From Harriette Wilson, that amusing and notorious courtesan, to the stormy Lady Caroline Lamb, the letters follow what might be called Byron's emotional career closely. They are angry, imploring, vulgar, pathetic, and, though rarely, dull. Most of the writers were under some kind of stress while composing and their screeds vary from the housemaid at Newstead, with her "God bless you, my dear Ld. B.," to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster's "Oh, Byron, I am dead between hope and fear."

Only one circumstance, Byron's inconstancy, is common to each case. For the rest, the infatuations may be mental or physical, and may range from the most level-headed friendship to the wildest of loves. It remained for Harriette Wilson to refer to something that Byron had written as "an affected, prosing, stupid scrawl," and for Lady Caroline to write of him that he would "never be able to pull with a woman who went to church punctually, understood statistics, and had a bad figure."

I ROBBED THE LORDS AND LADIES GAY (Methuen. 6s.) is the autobiography of a girl who, until a few years ago, had a moderately successful criminal career. At times she was as much as £20,000 in credit from the sale of stolen jewellery and furs, and at other times she was in prison, doing a term of anything from six months to three years' imprisonment.

Her ups and downs make interesting reading—she is alarmingly frank about the easiness of her career—but I was struck, as I am always struck in reading or hearing of such careers, by the incredible stupidity of the mistakes by which thieves are eventually caught. They plan robberies in meticulous detail and then practically leave a paper trail for the police. They are as cunning and as discreet as foxes, and then give themselves away by the most blatant carelessness.

Miss Muriel Norroy tells the reader of some really ingenious *coups* that she executed which must have depended, at the lowest estimate, on cool nerves, quick thinking, and a capacity for looking ahead, but three times she was defeated, caught and sentenced through making the most elementary slips. I find myself writing as if I were wholly in sympathy with her profession; but for that I must blame her talent as a writer. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, in his foreword, shows that he has felt the same impulse.

"Why in reading her adventures do we want her to achieve the theft successfully?" he writes. "Not out of any particular compassion for the thief, I suggest, but out of a natural sympathy with crime. The release of that sympathy, I venture to believe, is the prime reason for the reading of detective stories."

The essential difference between this book and the detective story of popular appeal is that, while in the latter the accomplished and usually debonair thief has a chance of escape which he takes in a more or less spectacular way, in Miss Norroy's recital the police triumphed in the most deplorably efficient way.

Some years ago Miss Winifred Brown was known only as an airwoman, though a very distinguished one. Now it seems that she may lay claim to being a sailor and navigator as well, with some remarkable cruises to her credit.

DUFFERS ON THE DEEP (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is Miss Brown's account of her adventures in sailing from the day, three years ago, when she was, in her own words, "landed with" a small yacht, or, more exactly, yawl, and the prospect of starting from the beginning to learn about a new element. With a great deal of courage and a cheerful disregard of sailing conventions, Miss Brown set about her apprenticeship.

This soon led her to an open sea crossing of several hundred miles to Norway, to encounters with ice, with North Sea storms, and to the intricacies of setting a course and keeping to it. With one companion, who was "engineer, cook, washer-up and the other half of the bo'sun," Miss Brown set forth from the Menai Straits, rounded the northernmost capes of Scotland, and without much confidence but with irrepressible optimism aimed her little ship at Norway.

She reached there, sent a score of postcards to prove it, and returned the following year in the same way. Her book, which is a jolly affair of no vast literary pretensions, makes exciting reading.

Books Received: HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THE LAKE OF THE ROYAL CROCODILES. By Eileen Bigland. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THEY WANTED TO LIVE. By Cecil Roberts. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—THE QUEST OF JULIAN DAY. By Dennis Wheatley. 8s. 6d. NELSON.—BRITISH ROADS. By Geoffrey Boumphrey. 2s. STANLEY PAUL.—PRINCE AHMAD OF EGYPT. By James Bland. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

As the birdie said to the eagle—

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR GOLF

G.E. 842

MORE BUDGET REACTIONS

How the Motor Industry is Re-aligning Its Policy to Meet the New Situation

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THERE is no getting away from the fact that the motor manufacturers and traders are more than worried over the projected increase in the horse-power tax. Several firms have announced that they themselves will pay the increase on all new cars over a certain horse-power. Some traders are prepared to assist in this way for as long as three years. The Daimler Company have announced reductions in price on their 24-h.p. model. The amount of the reduction is equivalent to six or seven years of the tax increase on those models. These cuts are substantial and could not be made except by the rising production of these cars over the past few months.

They are passing the benefit on to the public as the company wishes to capture for the British car industry some of those motorists who at present run foreign cars of much higher horse-power and who consequently will have a very substantially increased tax to pay on the 1st January next year. The reductions come into force at once and consist of £75 on the chassis and £80 on the limousine.

The Daimler Company also announce that the success of the 24-h.p. car has enabled a new model to be developed. Actually this car made its first public appearance in the R.A.C. rally last April and won its class coachwork award. The price is £795 and I learn that this new car has been designed with the object of lessening the distractions of driving.

Our motoring bodies, too, have been active over this proposed tax increase. For instance, the general council of the Royal Automobile Club have passed a very strongly-worded resolution on the subject. The resolution urged the Chancellor to give favourable consideration to the insertion of a provision in the Finance Bill to enable the private motorist to pay the licence duty in quarterly or half-yearly instalments without any additional charge being made for such a facility. The general council of the R.A.C. is composed of the committee of the club, representatives of all car and motor-cycle clubs associated with the R.A.C. of which there are seventy-two, and representatives of that large body of motorists who are direct associate members.

From conversations I have had with a number of owners they propose selling their cars by the end of the year and purchasing new ones of smaller horse power. Personally, I consider this a very foolish policy, for although I do not like having to pay more I still think that the great majority of big car owners can pay the increase without hurting themselves very much.

In actual fact, when these motorists go to their local agents to buy the new smaller car I think that in most instances they will receive a shock, because I understand that many dealers are refusing and will refuse to give anything like a satisfactory price for a used car of high horse-power, unless the new vehicle is of the same or greater power. The public can scarcely blame the agent for adopting this attitude, because the latter is going to find it extremely difficult to dispose of high-powered second-hand cars at anything like the proper value.

IDEAL FOR LONG-DISTANCE TOURING: The new Flying Standard Fourteen saloon; an exceptionally roomy five-seater fitted with a two-compartment luggage locker which is readily accessible from the exterior. The power unit is capable of a speed of nearly 70 m.p.h. with a petrol consumption of 28 m.p.g.

In America they are now starting to fit windscreen wipers to the rear lights in saloons. At first sight this appears rather unnecessary but as the present-day tendency is to give saloons a sloping stream-lined back the wiper fulfils quite a useful job. In past days when a rear light was more or less vertical, raindrops scarcely ever settled on the glass, but to-day the angle of incline is almost as much as 45 deg. and so it frequently happens that the driver's view through the back light is obscured by rain.

Another trouble which I have experienced, particularly in foreign cars, is that the view through the back light is most unsatisfactory because the glass is wavy when looked through and when set in an angle completely distorts the backward view. I have, of course, driven cars with windscreens fitted with poor glass of this description and in these circumstances driving is a nightmare, because objects approaching appear to jump and lose their proper shape. I am no oculist but I should not be surprised if I learnt that looking through such faulty glass for long periods would be bad for my eyesight.

On most cars to-day the driver at least is given a seat which is adjustable in a forwards and backwards direction. This is all to the good, but the adjustment should be more comprehensive. For a short journey to the station or shops the driver is perhaps not worried about the position and shape of the seat provided he can pull it up close enough to the steering wheel to depress the pedals the correct amount. On a long journey of a couple of hundred miles driving fatigue manifests itself, and usually the distress is caused through the seat being not the proper height or the back being at an incorrect angle. The driver should be able to adjust his seat vertically, that is higher or lower, and to be able to alter the angle of the back. Some drivers prefer quite a reclining position, whilst others—and I include myself in this latter—prefer a bolt-upright position. Obviously, if the back is not adjustable, the same car will not please both classes I have mentioned.

Talking of driving, I am surprised to notice so many motorists gripping the steering wheel as if their life depends upon it. The modern car will almost steer itself on a straight road and, therefore, there is no necessity whatever to grasp the rim of the steering wheel tightly. With the hands resting quite lightly on the wheel fatigue is definitely minimised.

(Continued on page 462)

Photo: E. Steinemann

Travel on the Swiss Postal Motors, which take you off the beaten track.

INFORMATION: Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways & State Travel Bureau, Mailing Dept. 9, 11-B Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (WHItehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents.

Peaceful SWITZERLAND

Escape from everyday care

For a happy holiday in a tranquil land unvexed by restrictions, come to Switzerland. Swiss hotels lead the world in variety of choice, friendly personal service, and value for money. Travel is direct by rail or air. There are special fare reductions and a petrol price concession for motorists. The £ buys around 21 Swiss francs; there are no money formalities whatever. Swiss spas are renowned; so are the Swiss educational establishments.

TESSIN REGION

Immediately south of the St. Gothard Pass lies sunny southern Switzerland—the Tessin Region, a smiling countryside with many picturesque holiday centres. Famous centres on the lakes are *Lugano* and *Locarno*. Luxuriant southern vegetation. Splendid bathing and excursions.

VALAIS REGION

A charming old-world atmosphere prevails in the Valais region, while the scenery is unrivalled. Easily accessible from the Simplon line. More than a hundred peaceful Alpine villages and hamlets, including Morgins, Champéry, Finhaut, Champex, Val Ferret, Verbier, Fionnay, Arolla, Crans, Montana, St. Luc, Zinal, Leukerbad, Zermatt, Saas Fee, Eggishorn, Belalp, the Great St. Bernard, Graechen, Simplon-Kulm, Lötschental and Torrentalp.

NEUCHATEL NEIGHBOURHOOD

At the foot of the Jura, with fine forest and lake scenery, this pre-Alpine district has its own special charm. Apart from being a University seat, Neuchatel and the outlying neighbourhood is reputed for excellent scholastic facilities.

Summer 1939—Do not fail to visit the

SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION

ZURICH—MAY 6 to OCT. 29

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

Quality

ACHIEVED BY

Maturity

● The superlative quality of BOOTH'S DRY GIN can only be achieved in one way . . . . by patient and careful maturing. Ask for Booth's yourself, you'll agree that it's

Definitely Superior!

C.F.H.

THE SKY MINE QUESTION (Continued from page 436)

people believe and as none believe captive balloon barrages will—then there is no expenditure which can be considered unjustifiable.

It may well be that the known existence of the means of releasing great numbers of sky mines in all countries will make their use unnecessary; may indeed make aerial disarmament a matter of urgent practical politics all over the world.

There are other minor operational difficulties to be overcome before sky mines are adopted, such as devices and drill for the manipulation of suspending wire, attachments to balloons and bombs, etc. These are better left until the defence authorities decide that this means of defence merits official notice.

That casualties may occur by careless handling of bombs and detonators, or from premature deflation of an occasional balloon, is undeniable. Such risks are inseparable from any defence measure, but in this case are infinitesimal by comparison with the dangers which sky mines are designed to defeat, or from the risks incurred by falling splinters of anti-aircraft shells.

WHERE FRANCE HAS THE ASPECT OF SPAIN (Continued from page 440)

yellow as if it had been there for years! Nobody is waiting to return to Spain. Anyone who really does want to enter Spain may, under certain circumstances, about which the less said the better, do so. But he, or she, goes at his, or her, risk. Some chance it and have luck: a woman of Perpignan had the temerity to go to Barcelona last week in a car which had been captured from Franco's army—and she got back again *with the car!*

Despite the supposed danger of being so near the frontier, enterprise and activity have never flagged at Perpignan during the time of the Spanish trouble. During this period many fine buildings have been erected or completed, amongst them the Palais Consulaire. This name is a very ancient one given to the building, replacing the old one, which houses the French Chamber of Commerce and the Commercial Tribunal together. Its entrance hall and monumental staircase are, respectively, lined and built with Pyrenees onyx, one of the most precious and difficult marbles to obtain. Its reception hall, which is entirely flood-lighted, has walls covered with gilded glass mosaic and porcelain. The style of the building, and especially that of its interior decoration, is Catalan, and is almost a counterpart of what one may see in the modern part of Barcelona. If the frontier does shortly open to transport and to commerce both sections of the Palais Consulaire will be the scene of activity not known for three years.

CONTINUATIONS

The modern parts of Perpignan, with huge blocks of flats or "closes" of very distinctive Catalan-style houses, remind one strongly of the suburbs of Barcelona; whilst the old town, with its huge brick-built cathedral and the Castillet, is reminiscent of Gerona.

Georges Clarrière

ACORNS TO ACORNS (Continued from page 442)

substance which comes from fish, like the white of the ersatz egg. There is no butter.

Fraulein Ersatz may be wearing imitation silk stockings which have been made from broken glass; broken bottles are collected for this purpose. It is almost certain that broken glass will have gone into the making of the curtains which frame the window. Woven glass also makes a very good imitation wool, which Fraulein Ersatz may be wearing next to her skin.

I certainly shall expect to find Fraulein Ersatz sitting in a chair made of "wickered" cellophane, and the carpet beneath her feet will be woven from imitation india-rubber; her shoes, by the way, will be made from a by-product of fish, and the brush which swept the carpet will be made from fish bones.

The well known, sometimes disputed, efficiency of the German nation has given the Goebbels' propaganda department a striking opening for clever work, to show people what treasure lies literally at their very doors. It starts off from the point where it is shown pictorially that the dustbins of Berlin for a period of one year would fill a train stretching from Berlin to Prague. The story goes on to state that the contents of these dustbins are found to contain sufficient bread to feed 420 men for one year. The contents of the same dustbins during the same period contain sufficient waste products to roof 15,000 houses, and what is left over to feed 42,000 pigs for a whole year. The story is illustrated with a funny little train and funny little men, and a whole row of funny little houses and two long rows of funny little pigs. The German army and air force are partly equipped with ersatz materials, but this is no secret even in Germany.

MODERN TOWN CRIERS (Continued from page 452)

Frontier. Left the army in 1922. Devoted to his garden, his piano, his bulldog and his tennis court.

Robert MacDermot is 24, fair-haired, tanned and 6 ft. 2 ins. in height. Was a radio actor, and first announced in October, 1934. Balliol College, Oxford, a fencing blue, and won his degree in German. Married to Diana Morgan, and with her wrote the successful play *Bats in the Belfry*, and much more recently most of the Gate Theatre Revue which may now travel to America. Hobbies are the rather strange medley, Siamese cats, roof gardening, and fishing in Ireland.

Duncan Grinnell-Milne, moustached airman, author, journalist, art dealer, and linguist in six languages, has crammed almost everything except pearl-diving into his forty-two years. Was in the Navy as a youth, then decided on the diplomatic service and studied at the Sorbonne and Freiburg. In 1914 he was an officer in the infantry, from which he was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, in which he won the M.C., the D.F.C., and bar, and was mentioned in dispatches. He flew in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the Sudan. With his experiences in the sea, land, and air branches behind him he became Assistant Air Attache to the British Embassy in Paris. Resigning, he became an art dealer in New York, then returned to live and write in Paris. Author of seven books, he now lives in Portman Square and relaxes by flying, swimming, sailing, and riding.

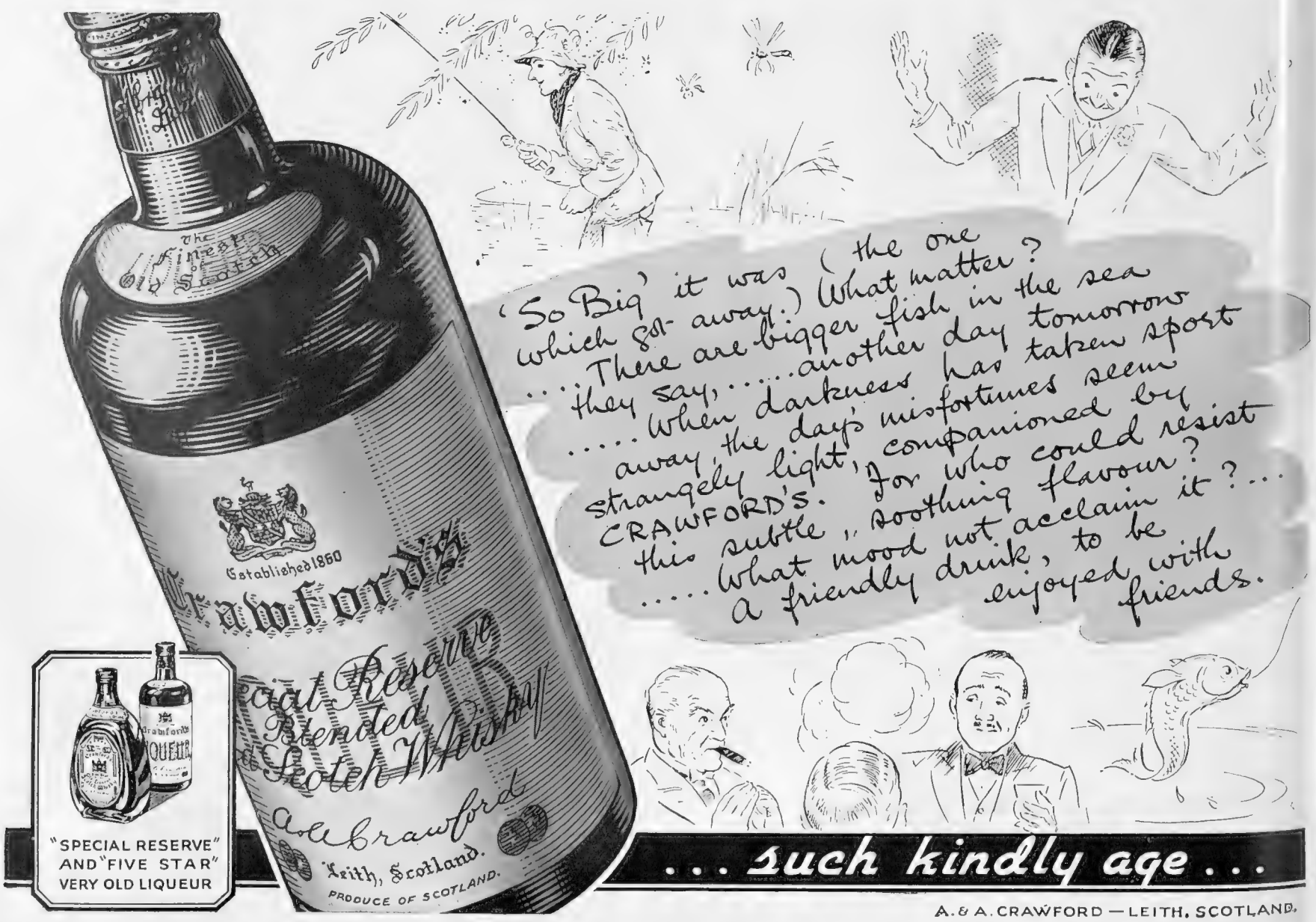
Joseph Gordon Macleod is the newest member of the Broadcasting House fraternity. Balliol College, Oxford, then barrister, author, tutor, book reviewer and theatrical producer. Smiling, dark, keen, spectacled, I remember him at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, where he worked enthusiastically for some years. Studied the theatre in Russia. Joined the B.B.C. in June last year. Owns a fine Norman manor in Huntingdonshire.

The Hon. Edward Henry Harold Ward is the son of Lord Bangor. An Harrovian, at the age of thirty-three he has roughed it considerably. Slim, dark, with a dark, downward-curling moustache, in 1938 he was newsgathering in Shanghai and north China for Reuters. He spent two years wandering round Europe, speaks fluent French, German, Spanish and Chinese (I wonder when that is needed). Enjoys photography, gardening—and argument.

T. Alvar Liddell is deputy chief announcer, and being 6 ft. 3 ins., the tallest. Is thirty-three, the son of Swedish parents, and thus adds that language to the B.B.C. repertoire, as well as German and French. Has a background of stage, films and a bank. Like most of the announcers, an enthusiast at darts, also at golf and tennis. Was at Exeter College, Oxford, and excels at *lieder* singing, an accomplishment praised by his colleagues.

Lionel Marson, grey-haired and soldierly, spent seventeen years in the army and four on the stage; became an announcer in 1934.

Well, there is the background to the voices you hear every day from Broadcasting House, the experts in the profession of announcing. The modern town criers.



This England . . .

Newland Valley from Buttermere, Cumberland

WHEN few could read and fewer write, men would affix to the record of their declarations or commands a seal—that all might recognise by this sign or picture whence came the document, and its true authority. And when it ceased to be valid—as at death or at the beginning of a reign—the matrix was publicly destroyed. But many lovely seals of the old English corporations are preserved to us and in some sort illustrate the old legal maxim that corporations never die. Thus do we still say that men have "set the seal of approval" upon a thing—as, for example your Worthington. Indeed a fair example this, for here is a beer brewed with traditional skill by an old English corporation—that surely will not die while England lives.

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THE PETROL WORLD (Continued from page 458)

Some years ago quite a number of cars were sold with the horn-push placed in such a position, or made of such a shape, that the horn could be sounded without the driver having to take his hand off the rim of the steering wheel. Nowadays it is usual to find this switch in the centre of the steering wheel where it cannot be operated unless the driver's hand is moved.

In order to prevent continually shifting my right hand for this purpose I grip one of the spokes of the steering wheel and drive in that manner. Unfortunately, a spoke is usually an unpleasant object with a fairly sharp edge and so driving is not very comfortable. On one or two cars that I have tested of late I have found at least one of the spokes specially moulded to prevent the edge cutting into the driver's hand. This is quite a good idea but I think it would be even better if manufacturers would return to the old idea of having an independent concentric ring switch which allows the driver to depress it no matter where his hand may be on the rim of the wheel in order to operate the horn.

I wonder if our new Minister of Transport was driving his own car last Bank Holiday evening in the direction of London on any of our main roads. If he was he must have had a sleepless night haunted by the sins of omission committed by his predecessors. He could not help but have been impressed with the inadequacy of our English roads to cope with the usual Bank Holiday traffic. It appears that the chaos and delay become greater as each Bank Holiday comes along. Obviously, it will go on getting worse and worse because little or nothing is done to our main roads to make them capable of dealing quickly with dense traffic and all the time the number of cars using them is increasing.

Dense as the traffic was at Whitsun in and around our large cities it was nothing like what it would be if the Government evacuation scheme was in progress at the commencement of an emergency. Wider, straighter, and safer roads are a national necessity and the Government should urge its Ministry of Transport to get busy and provide the roads that the traffic needs.

Over 700,000 copies of the Automobile Association's Hotel Handbook for 1939–40 have been sent to A.A. members throughout the country. A gazetteer of places in England, Wales and Scotland fills 557 pages in the new edition and gives particulars of more than 5,600 hotels, which are constantly inspected to ensure a high standard of accommodation and service. Addresses, telephone numbers and details of charges, general appointments, facilities for garaging, etc., appear in every case. Each entry in the gazetteer contains a note of local licensing hours, early closing and market days, and times of postal collections and deliveries, as well as the distance from London and other important towns.

Towards the end of the book there are forty-eight pages of maps which show roads patrolled by the Association, the location of A.A. roadside telephone boxes and towns where there are recommended hotels. Cross reference between the maps and the gazetteer is made simple by an ingenious index system.

NUMISMATIST, ARTIST, ANGLER: Mr. John Shirley-Fox, who has just died at Bath after a long illness, will be remembered as a talented portrait painter and as an enthusiastic and deeply knowledgeable collector of coins. His "Numismatic History of the Reigns of Edward I, II, and III" is a standard work on the subject, while his collection of medieval English coins was regarded as one of the finest in private hands. From 1890 to 1915 Mr. Shirley-Fox exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy and only recently he was accorded the very special distinction of being made a free life member of the Chelsea Arts Club. This portrait drawing of him is the work of his wife

Britain's first car "slalom" will be held at Brooklands on Saturday, June 17. A "slalom," as winter sports enthusiasts will probably know, is a kind of obstacle race on skis. Adapted for cars it comprises a series of "wiggle-woggles" during which competitors will have to divide their attention between avoiding pylons and bursting toy balloons. The driver who succeeds in spearing every balloon and finishes in the shortest time will have won. This entertaining innovation in car competitions is to be introduced as part of the Ford gymkhana, the programme of which will also include real motor racing, dare-devil driving displays, a concours and other competitions for private owners, and the finals of the Boy Scouts' "Speedster" championships.

The Ford organisation invites visitors to be its guests at Brooklands on this day, and admission to the track will be free. Admission tickets are now available from Ford dealers.

"Let's Halt Awhile."—It was in 1934 that Mr. Ashley Courtenay published at 1s. his first small volume of ninety-four pages on where to eat and sleep in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Now, there has just come to hand his latest edition covering these counties, a book of 200 pages, lavishly illustrated, most attractive to the eye, very readable, and of obvious utility to the traveller. Certainly *Let's Halt Awhile* in and around Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, 1939–40 edition, represents excellent value for 1s., as do the other volumes of the series: Volume II—Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, second edition, 190 pages, and Volume III—Hants, Dorset, Wilts, Isle of Wight, first edition, 112 pages. They are obtainable from stock or on order from principal booksellers, or by post 1s. 3d. from Ashley Courtenay, Ltd., 68, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

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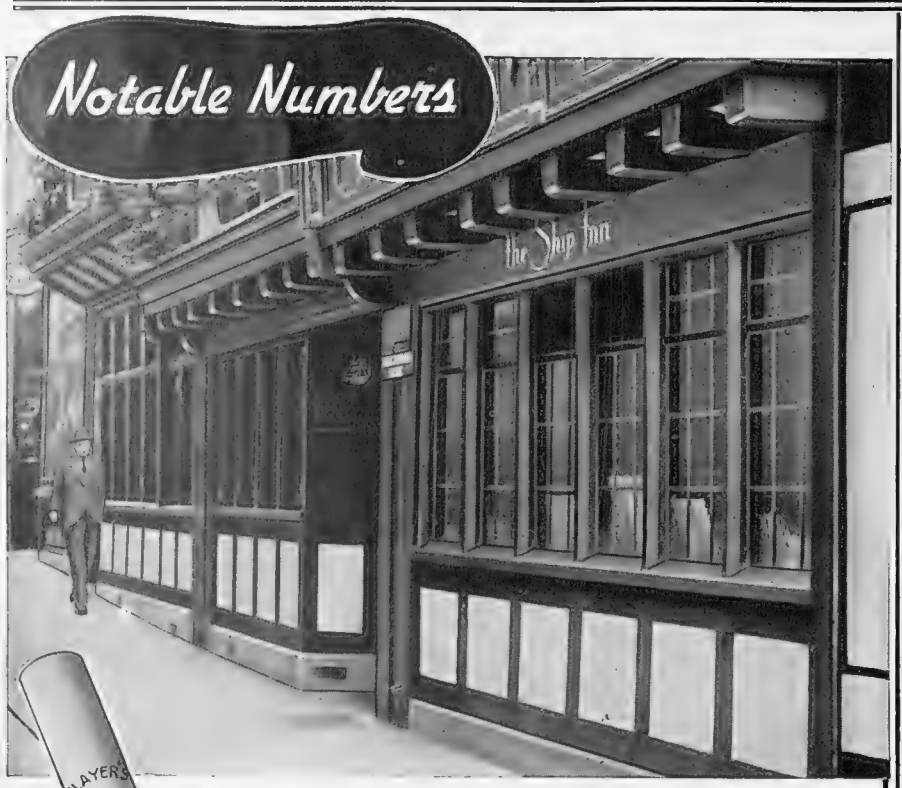
Will you help The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship to give 1,165 poor boys and girls a chance in life? The Society maintains and trains poor children, giving them a 100 per cent. chance to become good and useful men and women. The boys in the Training Ship *Arethusa* are being trained for a life at sea and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The boys in the Homes are trained for definite trades and will always be employable, while the girls are prepared for domestic service. Will you help this worthy cause by sending donations, large or small, to the Headquarters, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged, at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Legacies urgently needed.



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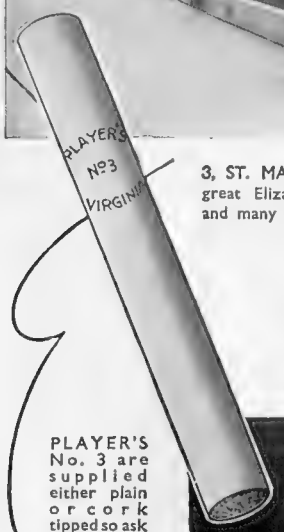

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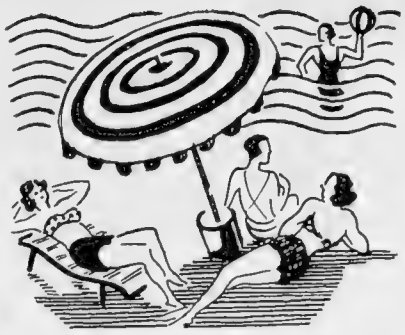

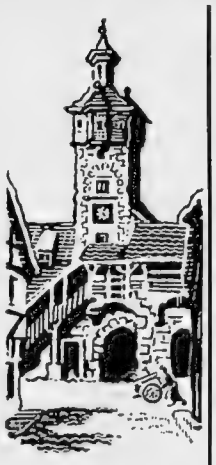

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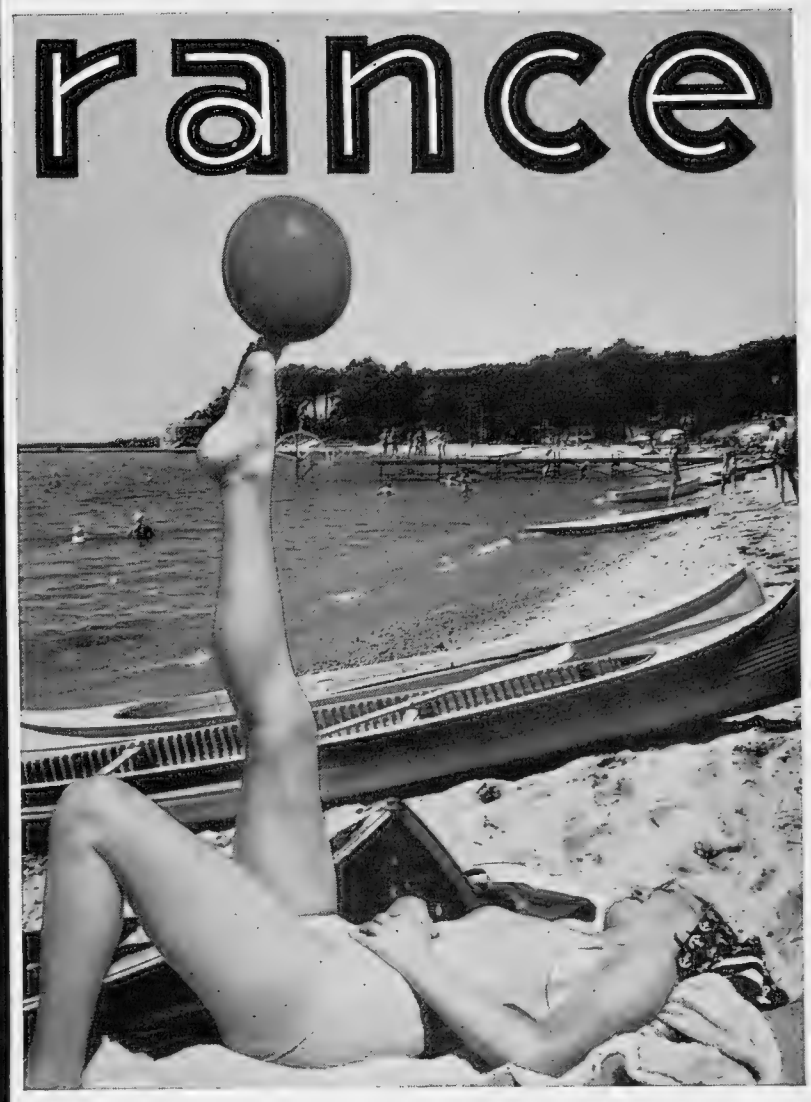

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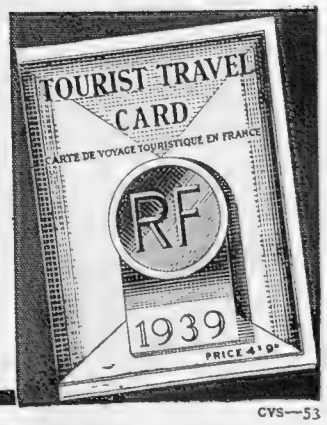

CVS—53

THE PINE-CLAD ISLANDS OF STOCKHOLM PROVINCE: A region of rare beauty within easy reach of the Swedish capital. It is a wonderful place for sailing enthusiasts and during high summer the archipelago is alive with small craft

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

CAPITALS *of the* NORTH

Cities to See During the Hotter Months

THE term "Northern Capitals" has been used for a long time, and I have an idea it originally applied only to the Baltic ports, but no amount of elasticity is going to precipitate an international crisis. Oslo, off the Skagerrak, must be admitted with Copenhagen, Stockholm, Tallinn, Riga, and Helsinki, but there are others, capitals of islands and provinces, which should come into the itinerary. Yet a third group would be considered worthy; they are the ports which are the gateways to the capitals.

Some of the cruising liners make a round of calls, very attractive indeed as far as it goes, and particularly convenient for those with not a great deal of time to spare. To do the Northern Capitals thoroughly, however, you have to rely on regular sea and rail services, and impose no time limit. Not many are in that happy position, so I suggest a cruise as an introduction and at other times localised visits to supplement the first impressions. In that way the traveller will be kept well occupied for many a week, but in the end he will certainly know his capitals.

Let us make the cruise together. If it were not so far off our course we might even include Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, for although that island is nearer Greenland than Norway it is part of Europe and is essentially Scandinavian in character. In travel, however, it is a place calling for individual treatment.

So the first place in our itinerary becomes Oslo, which you knew as Christiania until fifteen years ago. The sail up the fjord to which it gives its name is a delightful introduction to a pleasant city, little of it of any antiquity but set in a scene of considerable beauty. The original Oslo was founded by Harold Hardrada who was killed at the battle of Stamford Bridge a few days before William started his conquering. It was destroyed by fire in 1624 and rebuilt in a slightly different position. The Akershus Castle, with more than six centuries of history, is a most interesting survival of that and other fires which afflicted the city, but if you are interested in the past you will find a lot of it in the excellent museums. Just outside the city, on the Bygdo Peninsula, is the huge open-air Norsk Folkemuseum, its greatest treasures perhaps being the thirteenth-century church transferred from the Hallingdal Valley and the three famous Viking ships.

A journey by sea of rather less than 300 miles and we are at Copenhagen, one of the cheeriest places in the north. Sometimes it is called the smiling city, sometimes the city of steeples (the latter will be your impression as you sail into the harbour), but ashore what may strike you most is the fact that every other person seems to ride a bicycle. There are four royal palaces and several museums in Copenhagen and numerous bathing beaches not far away. Every traveller comments on the friendliness of its people and on the excellent fare they provide. One of its gems which you cannot easily miss is Erichsen's bronze figure of the little mermaid on the great promenade Langelinie.

HISTORIC KRONBORG: The Elsinore of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. It lies near Copenhagen and during the summer John Gielgud will be accompanying an English cast there to give a series of performances. They will first appear at the Lyceum in London

One of the excursions you as English visitors are expected to make is Elsinore—they call it Helsingör—to see Kronborg Castle, used by Shakespeare as the "location" for *Hamlet*. Do not be put off the journey by any notion that it is just a stunt place. No matter how you get there, interest and beauty are always at hand. You may have already seen the castle as you came from Oslo, for it occupies a commanding position where the shores of the sound converge to less than three miles apart. One way, you should go along the coast road and sample the attractiveness of the Danish Riviera with a panorama of the Swedish coast on the other side.

There is an outpost of Denmark about 100 miles east of Copenhagen—the island of Bornholm, about half as large again as the Isle of Wight. There are several seaside resorts, a large forest, some striking cliff scenery, and its chief town, Ronne, might rank as a minor Northern Capital. Several pleasant days may be spent looking round the island.

The next call is nearly 200 miles farther into the Baltic at Visby in Gotland, the largest of the Swedish islands. At one time a powerful force in the Hanseatic League, Visby is now noted for its roses and ruins, but there lingers within the battlements of a great city wall something of the spirit of the Middle Ages which made her great. The city wall, about two miles round, has nearly forty towers. This capital of the past is one of the sights of the Baltic, and I have seen it referred to as "once Queen of the Baltic." That sceptre is now held by Stockholm, rather more than 100 miles farther on, certainly one of Europe's most beautiful cities, and also known as the "Venice of the North," an extravagant comparison. Why, indeed, make comparison, for Stockholm, royal city of dignity, grandeur, and learning, can well stand on its own.

It is spread over a number of pine-clad islands around the narrow neck where Lake Mälaren joins the Baltic, and the natural beauty of the phenomenal site is jealously guarded. Nearly 700 centuries have passed since its foundation and many links with the historic past are preserved, notably the Riddarholmen church, but modern Stockholm commands attention, too, the town hall, not yet twenty years old, being a masterpiece of architecture.

Cruising in the archipelago is an inexhaustible delight, but we must be on our way across the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia to Finland, passing the Aland Islands on the way. There are hundreds of them, with a capital, Mariehamn, which preserves some of the traditions of the days of sail and has a special appeal to ship lovers. They are part of the young republic, Finland, whose capital, Helsinki—the Swedish form is Helsingfors—is worthy of the virile people. It is well planned and has fine buildings, spacious parks, and open-air restaurants and bathing. Close to the harbour is the busy market place and from it runs a splendid esplanade, with lawns and flowers.

At Helsinki you are in a good position for a visit to Russia which is getting increased attention from our travellers nowadays. Leningrad, the gateway to Moscow, is a night's journey from the Finnish capital. Its fine old buildings have new cultural uses and the new architecture is full of interest. The journey to the capital may also be done in a night. Big changes have been made in Moscow in recent years, and this great centre of life for the Soviet Union demands the attention of everyone, whatever personal reactions may be.

Returning to the Baltic coast you must see Tallinn (formerly Reval), the capital of Estonia. It has an interesting old town hall, a Russian cathedral, and the house of Peter the Great. Next comes Riga, in Latvia, one of the old Hansa ports, a rather fine city with some attractive old spots. Königsberg, the fortress capital of East Prussia, is not often mentioned in travel circles, not that it lacks interest. Gdynia, the new harbour, Zoppot, the gay coast resort of Poland, and medieval and much debated Danzig are not strictly capitals, but they should be visited. The last named is a gateway to Warsaw, the Polish capital, a city of palaces, festivals and commerce.

Passing out from the Baltic, perhaps with another look at Copenhagen, you may like to continue the "capital" itinerary to Hamburg and Amsterdam, but this, you see, is the end of the journey for me.

Beverley Brooke

MUCH DEBATED DANZIG: The Church of St. Mary dominating one of the main streets of this city that still retains so much of its medieval aspect

THRIVING OSLO: Looking across the harbour in Norway's busy seaport capital. Oslo can boast very nearly ten centuries of stirring history

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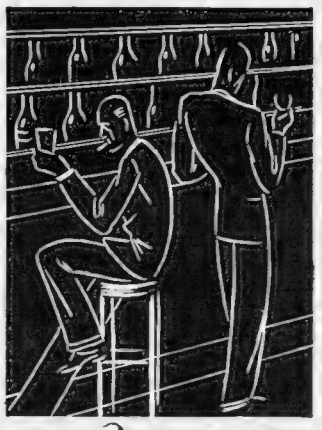
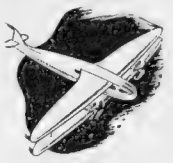


FLY TO DEAUVILLE



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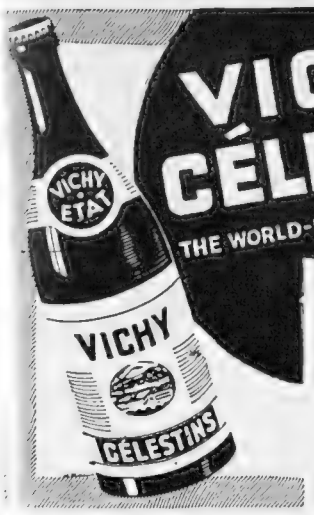

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that will increase the enjoyment of good food and service.

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A Country House in BOURNEMOUTH

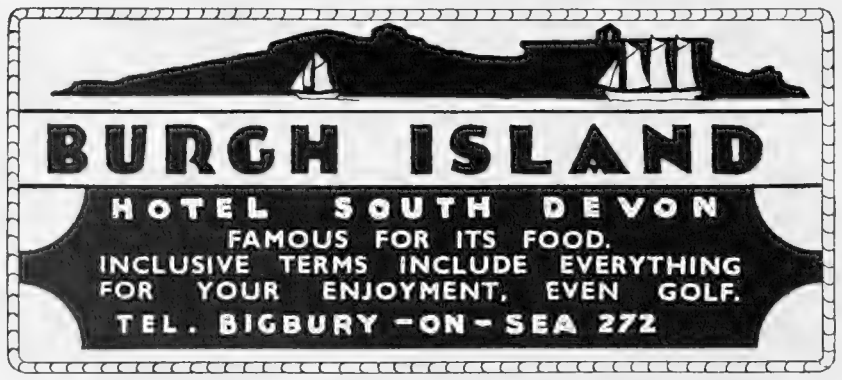
Standing in a garden, a hundred yards from the edge of the East Cliff, a few minutes from the amusements of the town.

THE **ROSEMULLION**

Overlooking the sea in an unspoilt corner of South Devon. Rooms with or without bath : private suites. Excellent golf and many other sporting facilities.

Write R. K. Lee, director. A.A., R.A.C.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON



"Punctuality is the politeness of Princes"

The remark is true (in a sense unintended by Jorrocks). For at Princes, Folkestone, they understand punctuality . . . and the pleasure of finding people and things ready when you want them.

Your room (with a private bath) or your suite are ready for you now.

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

In the lee of the Leas. *85 minutes from Town.*

Popular cocktail bar. Squash, Tennis, etc., adjoining. Lift. Softened Water. *Telephone : 2666.*

England's Only Five-Star Hydro

A picked position for all the year round . . . hard by the Royal Hall and Royal Baths. Everything at the Cairn itself for recreation of mind and body. Music daily. Bridge nightly. Frequent dances. Hard tennis courts in grounds. Golf five minutes away. Skilled hydropathic and electric treatments in our modern Baths. Special diets and a five-star cuisine.

THE CAIRN HARROGATE

FIVE-STAR IN ALL BUT PRICE

HARROGATE

The **GRAND**

Phone 4631

FINEST POSITION

Close to Royal Baths

Facing

Valley Gardens

FROM 18/- DAILY INCLUSIVE

June is the Month

for a perfect summer holiday. Come down early to this peaceful spot. Private Golf Course in the Hotel grounds. Acres of glorious garden. Perfect quiet, yet perfect accessibility to Plymouth and the sea.

ELFORDLEIGH (COUNTRY HOUSE) **HOTEL**

PLYMPTON, S. DEVON

Now under entirely new personal direction. New decorations and extensive new furnishings. Perfect service and well-cooked English food. Illustrated Brochure. Terms 3½ to 5½ gns.

In **JUNE, JULY** *make a Bee-line for*

- It is mostly dry and sunny at Sheringham in June.
- Sea, sands, golf links, are inviting ; the Sheringham woods and our five acres of gardens are at their best.
- We offer special terms for the month of June ; in fact, up to July 7th, we offer any one of our 120 bedrooms at the inclusive weekly rate per person of 5 guineas, children 3 guineas.
- Last, but not least, Sheringham lobsters are in season!

SHERINGHAM HOTEL

SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK

WE PROMISE YOU WILL NOT BE STUNG

In Quest of

Cirencester an Ideal Centre for Hotels of Individuality from

OF the many centres for touring the Cotswolds—and if we are to believe individual guide books they are legion—map examination will reveal that Cirencester has an undoubted claim for prior consideration.

A town of importance in the time of the Romans, being the meeting place of Fosse Way and Ermine Street, its glory, thanks to these still major roads, has not departed. Further, the banks of the Churn, on which Cirencester lies, mark the boundary of the north and south Cotswolds, and with Bath 34 miles, Burford and Cheltenham 16 miles, Gloucester 19 miles, and Stratford 40 miles away, it is easy to realise why Cirencester retains its title of "Capital of the Cotswolds."

As well as being a centre for touring, Cirencester is an important agricultural and hunting centre, as you may well discover for yourself if you select the first and third Mondays in the month—market days.

I can give a choice of three hotels, each different in its characteristics. In the first place I will assume that you are on touring bent, just stopping in Cirencester for a night or two, that you prefer a licensed hotel, and that you are appreciative of a Trust House. The choice is clear cut—The Fleece.

It lies in the main street—a few yards below Cirencester's magnificent church whose south porch, the largest in England, was for a long period used as the town hall. The Fleece is a good-looking black and white period building without, and, like all Trust Houses, is as clean as a new pin within. Parts of the building date from the days of Henry VIII, but the large lounges upstairs, the dining room and the bedrooms bespeak the comfort we look for in this present year of grace.

But there will be those who prefer, especially if they propose making any real stay, an hotel where they can stay in the town and yet enjoy the peacefulness of an English garden. Wellesley House is easily found in the main street. A solid old Georgian house, it caters for residents and non-residents alike, without upsetting the equilibrium of either. There is a restful predominating colour scheme of green. There is plenty of lounge accommodation and an up-to-date supply of periodicals. After the noise of the road one appreciates the quiet note of contentment. Here, the business of eating and sleeping can be indulged in pleasantly, not forgetting that Wellesley House provides a worthy setting for the drinking of vintage wines.

If I have left the bedrooms till last it is because they provide that pleasant finale of contentment. A warm room (centrally heated in winter), a comfortable bed, and plenty of wardrobe room for your clothes to relax. What more could man or woman want during those hours when all the Cotswolds are asleep

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD - - - SURREY

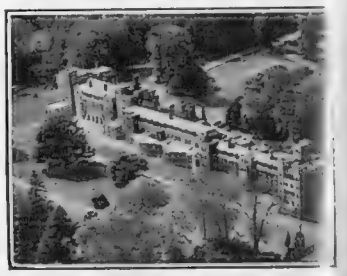
'Phone : Sanderstead 2331

Unique in Europe for Residence or Holidays

Over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, yet only half an hour from the heart of London.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Illustrated brochure free on request.



Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, swimming, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. Games Host, Tennis and Golf Professionals. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Over 150 rooms, the majority with private bathroom. Moderate inclusive terms.

SELSDON COURT HOTEL, in same park, at first tee of Golf Course. Inclusive summer terms from 5 gns. per week.

Have You Ever?

. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun!

COME EARLY IN SUMMER TO

THE HEADLAND *by* **NEWQUAY**

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone : Newquay 2211*

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Leading and Best

Sea Front — Solarium

Orchestra

From 15/- daily

And here is peace . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for spring residence. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."

Telephone : Tunbridge Wells 1911

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Touring the Cotswolds: Three which the Traveller May Choose

And a mile outside, off the Gloucester Road, I discovered Stratton House Hotel. Two fine specimens of English horseflesh were pawing the ground impatiently by the front door as I drove in. A photograph of the Prime Minister, with fishing rod, taken whilst staying at Stratton House, adorned the front hall. Upstairs, a hat-box labelled "White's, Jermyn Street" told me the same tale—that of a country house of quality which retains that same dignity of character that has been its distinguishing feature ever since it was a dower house of the Augustine Abbey at Cirencester.

Comfort greeted me as I wandered from room to room. I can still picture that beautifully proportioned lounge with its original beams and timbering, the sunlight playing on the brass, the copper ware, and the old Cotswold wool wheel which now rests in the corner. I lunched magnificently in a dining room where the restfulness of the room was a fitting complement to the repast, and I sensed the regard for individual likes and dislikes, as expressed by the butler—courteous and conscientious.

From practically all the rooms there are lovely views over the grounds, where the trees and lawns have become mellowed through the centuries. I strolled through kitchen gardens where beauty and utility grow together. Home-grown produce was maturing under my very eyes, and as the fruit is harvested fresh in its season it makes its way to the dining room and the side of one's bed.

It was in one corner of the grounds that I discovered my perfect Cotswold cottage—crazy paving, deep thatch, it belongs to Stratton House—yet I covet it for mine own.

To reside at Stratton House at en pension terms from 5 guineas is to live in the Cotswolds, and in clover.

People sometimes ask me whether seeing as many hotels as I do I never get confused between them, and I always answer with confidence that no hotels which I have ever seen have been the same. Some characteristic of atmosphere or appointment invariably distinguishes a place so that once seen it is never forgotten. Few places, however, remain so distinct in my memory after a fairly long time as the Creagdhu Hotel at Onich, near North Ballachulish, and to those of you who are on touring bent in Scotland this summer and who appreciate the graces and attractions of a country house run by two ladies in the most striking good taste, I can recommend Creagdhu without reservation.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER
for Shakespeare's country and the Cotswolds than
THE
WILLIAM AND MARY
HOTEL DE LUXE STRATFORD-ON-AVON
The terms **(from 4 to 6 gns.)** are as lenient as the hotel is luxurious. An unusual brochure of hotel and district will gladly be sent on application to H. M. Stevenson. Telephone: 2575
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Grand Suggestion . . .
A week at the GRAND, TORQUAY, at this time of year and you'll feel *really* better.
A room bathed in sunshine . . . private bath . . . breakfast in bed.
A stroll along the waterfront . . . no hills to climb. Or a run over Dartmoor in the car . . . scenery superb.
In the afternoon, a round of Golf, a court for Squash or Tennis—all free, of course. Back to dinner in the Grand manner or well-cooked Grill, if you like. Then dance to Harry Evans and his Band and
You're beginning to feel GRAND.
Moral: A week at the Grand is better than a month in a nursing home . . . and cheaper.
For details write: R. Paul, Manager.
The **GRAND, TORQUAY**
Telephone: 2234

June is the month of Roses, and at
LINCOMBE HALL The Garden Hotel of **TORQUAY**
life can be one complete bed of roses. Here you will appreciate not only the comforts of a well-appointed hotel and the efforts of a really good chef, but the personal considerations of a loyal staff. May I send you a brochure describing the many unusual amenities of Lincombe Hall? H. Donington-Smith (Manager).
Inclusive from 4 gns. **50 bedrooms—many with private bath.**

A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .
How many country hotels can boast such an amenity? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at
GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD . BERKS .
A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park: 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone: Twyford 106.
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SCOTLAND

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Melville Crescent
Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.
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Overlooking the Rothiemurchus Pine Forest
Hot and Cold Water in every Bedroom. Central Heating.
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A luxuriously appointed hotel with every modern convenience in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands and under the personal supervision of the Resident Directors. Altitude, 850 ft. Situated in 7½ acres of own grounds. Gleneagles golf, 15 mins.; 9-hole course, 5 mins. Excellent loch and river fishing free. 15,000 acres of shooting. Fully licensed. Unrivalled position for motoring and walking.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone and telegrams Muckhart 27.*
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., B.F.S.S. Hotel.

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ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL
Highland hospitality at its height in a first class Hotel. 46 acres of private pleasure grounds with provision for Golf, Tennis, Swimming and "idling." Dancing nightly. Programme "Highland Occasions of 1939" on application.
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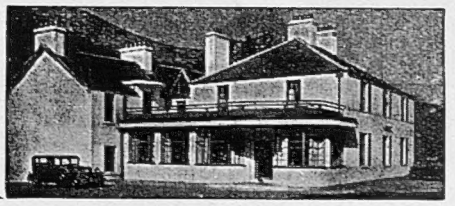
MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE, EAST LOTHIAN
Under entirely new management. A comfortable and homely hotel which is first-class in every detail, with all modern conveniences including hot and cold water in all bedrooms and central heating. Situated in the heart of the land of golf with nine golf courses to choose from. The best and safest sea bathing in Scotland. Renowned for sunshine and low rainfall. Cocktail Bar, Riding, Tennis. Personal supervision. Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone: Gullane 106*
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. HOTEL

AMULREE HOTEL
SMA' GLEN, PERTHSHIRE
Midst the heather hills of the Sma' Glen. Here is—wonderful scenery, peacefulness, and a cuisine above the average. Fishing attached to the hotel. And there are fish! A perfect centre for the walker and the motorist.
Proprietor: Thomson Matheson Telephone: Amulree 5

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT
CREAGDHU HOTEL
ONICH
NORTH BALLACHULISH
E., F., FEARNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A.
FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY
On the main Glasgow–Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. & C. water in all bedrooms. Bathing and Fishing for those who desire it. FULLY LICENSED.
Tel.: ONICH 38 Visitors 37

THE CROOK INN
Established over 300 years.
Among the hills of the Borderlands; Famous Willie Wastle's Cocktail Bar; Trout fishing on Tweed and Talla. Tariff free.
TWEEDSMUIR, PEEBLESSHIRE, SCOTLAND
'Phone: Tweedsmuir 202. 'Grams: 'Crook, Polmood.'


The sunsets on the hills . . .
are beyond description at any time, but after good food, artistically prepared, and fine wines, they attain a beauty that will remain a lifelong memory. There is every attraction here, including golf, tennis, bowling, swimming, badminton, talkies, dancing, every comfort and a skilful cuisine. Fully licensed. Terms and illustrated brochure from A. P. Tregenna, Resident Manager. Managing Director, R. Gillies.
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Telephone: Dunblane 3161 (3 lines).

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It's in the air among the Pines, the tonic of Peebles Hydro, the jolliest holiday place in Europe, where Tennis, Golf or any game has double the enjoyment. Swimming or plunging in the pool has double the fun, and the pleasure of dancing or dining to the Hydro Band is seldom equalled on the Continent of Europe. Spend your holiday this year at Peebles Hydro; non-stop programme of holiday pleasure; Sunday Golf. Wherever you go you'll not enjoy it more; cuisine and wines unexcelled. It has health and abundance to give you—600 ft. up in the hill-pine air. All roads lead to Peebles for pleasure. Write for Illustrated Tariff; it's free.
PEEBLES HYDRO
PEEBLES, SCOTLAND. Telephone: Peebles 2

(Continued on next page)

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU (SCOTLAND)—*continued from previous page.*

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In the Heart of the Rob Roy Country

Ideal Hotel for a restful, homely holiday. Comfort, cuisine, and hospitality first consideration. Terms: June, from £4.4.0; July to September, from £5.5.0. Golf, Fishing, Tennis.

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The Favourite Hotel of the Highlands

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Midst the Glorious Woodland Scenery and Bracing Air of Strathspey. Fishing on Spey. Golf, Tennis, etc. A luxurious and comfortable Hotel at reasonable terms.

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GLEN O'DEE, BANCHORY

ONE OF SCOTLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MODERN HOTELS

A holiday here will benefit you in every way. Quiet, peaceful and healthy. Lift. All sports.

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An exclusive Hotel in the midst of Scotland's most beautiful Highland scenery. Within the Hotel every comfort and modern facility. Elevator. Southern exposure and attractive grounds. Private Golf Course and Tennis Courts. Fishing.

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charmingly situated in its own grounds and overlooking the Bay is again open to the public after extensive alterations and improvements. Undoubtedly one of Scotland's finest hotels. Hot and cold water, central heating and telephones in all bedrooms. Beautifully furnished. Luxurious beds. Excellent cuisine. Own bakery. Elevator. Tennis. Golf. Swimming pool at hotel gates.

Please write for tariff to Manager. Telephone: Rothesay 500

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THE PREMIER HOTEL at this FAVOURITE GOLFING RESORT

Overlooking Famous Old Troon Course and Beach. The Centre for motoring through the Burns Country. Elevator. Ballroom. Choice of five Golf Courses. Tennis. Sea Bathing. Riding. *Brochure on request.*

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ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE

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FESTIVALS on the GRAND CANAL

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For WIDER HORIZONS

This BISTEL Telescope gives powerful magnification and perfect definition, yet is extremely light and compact. You will find the BISTEL invaluable when shooting, yachting, cruising or mountaineering; carry it with you on all open-air or holiday occasions.

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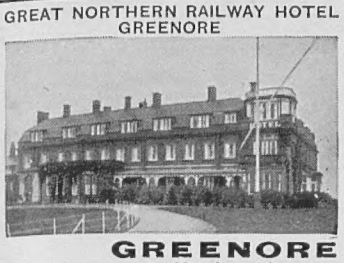
THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—continued from previous page.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY HOTEL GREENORE



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(Under entirely new management and ownership)

Sheltered—Sunny—Informal. Good centre for golf

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Golf and the mountain air . . . .

with craft to sail . . . tennis . . . 18 holes in the park . . . horses to ride . . . an experienced chef . . .

Oakwood Park Hotel — *these and many other good things, in the 300 acre park and beyond it await you here.*

Under the personal direction of Mr. R. W. Turier

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An hour and a half by air from London

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

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Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Aveton Gifford (S. Devon.)—Venn House.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon.)—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Crassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel. Telephone 4631.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Plympton.—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¼).—Old England Hotel.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*continued.*

ENGLAND—*continued*

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Castle Hotel, Glendevon.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.

SCOTLAND—*continued.*

Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Finest Hotel facing sea. Near Casino—Golf—Tennis.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates.

FRANCE

Aix-les-Bains.—Hotel Beau Lieu.—Family hotel. Famous cooking. Moderate terms. Open all the year.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Chamonix (Mt. Blanc).—Hotel Bellevue.—Open all the year. Family hotel with all latest comfort. Large garden.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green fee.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite new Sporting Club.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest) Brenners Parkhotel, Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.-Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest hotel. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. from RM.9.50. Patr. by English soc. Open in winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim. Jeschke's Grand Hotel. The home of the discriminating client.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Igls/Tyrol.—Golf Hotel Iglerhof.—Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All modern comfort. Golf course. Bathing. Moderate terms.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Kitzbühel/Tyrol.—Hotel Weisses Rössl.—All comforts. Best position. Very popular with English visitors.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bath. Establ. Patronised by best Society. Pens. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno., h. & c. Spring and Summer from 8/6 incl. Under the proprs. supervision. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

POLAND.

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar Garden.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1939. Rooms from 6 Frs. Full board from 13 Frs. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 ft.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frc. 11

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hôtel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delightful residence. Homelike atmos. All cmfts. & amenities. Renowned cuis. Diet. Inclu. terms from Fr.13.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most-up-to-date, ideally situated. Ex. cuisine. Bar grill-room. Orches. Reasonable rates. Lucien A. Poltera, dir.

Lausanne. — Victoria. — First-class. Magnificent view of lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, propr.

Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—Carlton Htl. on the Lake.—1st.-cl. Finest sit. in priv. grounds. Mod. terms. Priv. sun & lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pl. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Hotel St. Gotthard-Terminus.—Fam. htl., mdn. cmfts. Beaut. view. Ex. food. Lge. grdn. Gar. Mod. terms.

Lugano.—Lloyd Hotel (Southern Switzerland).—Directly on the Lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria.—Baumgarten.—Central position, large park. Golf. Plage. Own trout fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sitn. at entrance to Swiss National Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant and bar.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*June* 10, 1939. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903